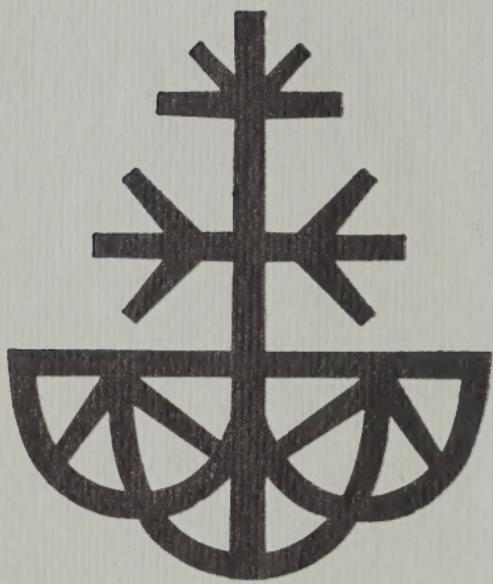


Out West
By
“See”



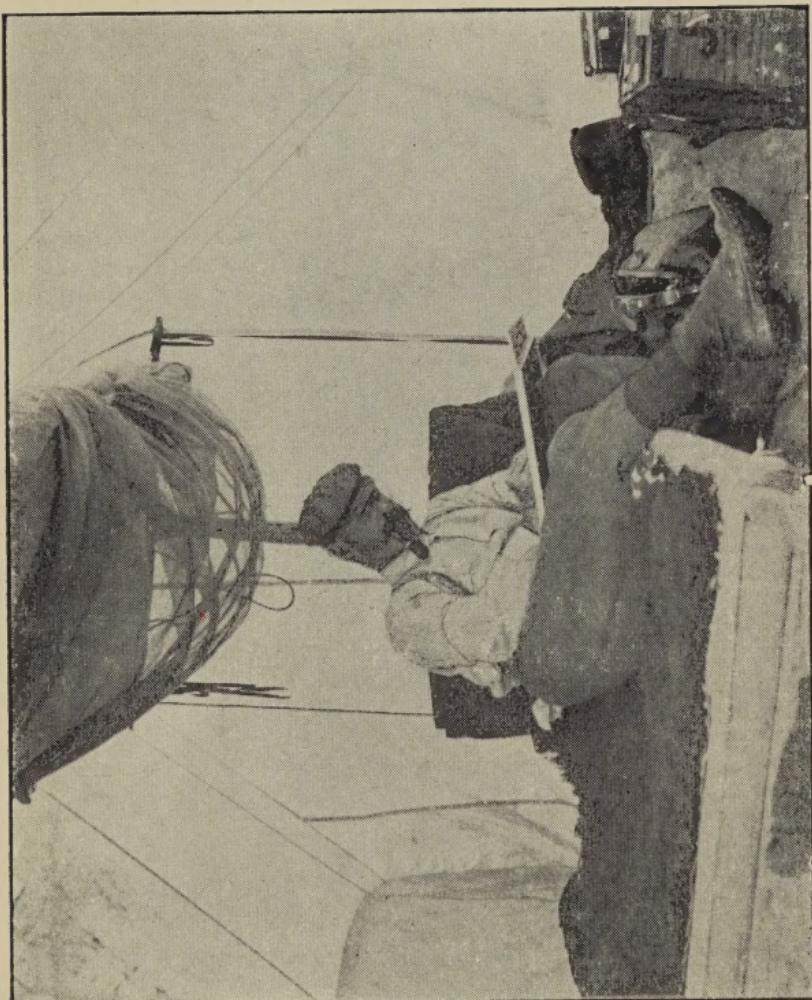
NORTHWEST HISTORY

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AUTHOR—Caught in the act.

OUT WEST

BY

S E C R E T A N

OTTAWA:

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1910

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By

James H. E. Secretan.

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RISING SUN
The Noblest Savage of them all.

T H E I N D I A N.

IN the early days of the C. P. R. surveys, through forests, across plains and over mountains, the Aborigine was always a factor to be reckoned with, and sometimes a serious one.

The harmless Eastern brand of Indians had been reduced to a tribe of Mendicants. When not too lazy to breathe, an occasional muskrat or mink skin furnished a precarious existence. When the white man came along, the crumbs that fell from his table were not despised by his red brothers, and they would often camp alongside of him and laboriously move along.

OUT WEST

With their well known instincts of true gallantry they would kindly permit the squaws and a small retinue of dogs, never absent, to pack heavy loads of their belongings, while the haughty chieftain strode along in the lead with nothing heavier than an old musket.

Of course this class of Aborigine, principally of the Cree persuasion "cut no ice." He was simply regarded as an indolent, improvident, dirty, unreliable, lying son of the forest.

All Cooper's fairy tales fade into oblivion when you encounter the real "child of nature," so different from the tall, lordly savage portrayed by the novelist, marching along arrayed in a bunch of feathers and a coat of red paint, with his

THE INDIAN

lovely consort by his side, whose simple toilet, inexpensive, but effective, consists of a string of beads, a coiffure made up with the aid of bacon grease, buckskin leggings and embroidered moccasins.

Alas! how all is changed.

The wretched old ragged, pock marked, unsanitary, insect repository who follows along your trail now, with his wrinkled, old, sore eyed squaw and numerous offspring, picking up the white man's leavings, tells a pitiable tale and shows only too plainly the decadence of the redskin.

On the Western plains, of course, different tribes are encountered.

Horse Indians are invariably superior to those other decaying specimens.

OUT WEST

Many a fine, tall, straight, up-standing, unreliable savage have I encountered, clothed simply in his right mind, mounted upon the self-supporting little wall-eyed cayuse.

The different tribes were seldom, if ever, friendly, and in the old days any plain Indian would kill a "Cree" on sight.

The "Stonies" inhabited the Rocky Mountain ranges and seldom, if ever, came east of Swift Current Creek; then there were "Sarcees," "Blackfeet," "Bloods," "Pagans" and many other hardy varieties.

According to the old Missionary's and trader's stories, many fights have taken place between the rival tribes.

I remember well some years ago when camped at Swift Current

THE INDIAN

Creek, where I had just finished the location of the C.P.R. Main Line, discovering the bodies of three or four Cree Indians recently murdered and scalped by some hostile tribe. A particularly perfect skull struck my fancy, and as I was returning East next day I annexed it for a souvenir.

When the cook had cleaned and sand-papered this head piece, I scribbled the following verse upon the dome of thought, and put it under the seat of my buckboard:—

“Long have I roamed these dreary plains;
I’ve used up horses, men and brains,
And oft from virtue’s path I’ve strayed
To find a fifty-two foot grade.
But now, thank God, I’ll take a rest;
Content, I’ve done my level best;
To this green earth I’ll say farewell,
And run a railway line through Hell.”

OUT WEST

That night there was an alarm of "Indians coming!" and upon turning out we found a bunch of Crees crawling through the long grass into camp, all thoroughly scared by "Bloods" and "Stonies" whom, they said, were chasing them.

They asked for our protection, which was afforded, and the whole cavalcade, men, women and children, moved down next day with my party. We saw nothing of the hostile tribes.

Being anxious to get down to the end of the track as soon as possible (about 250 miles), I took one man and several spare horses and jogged along ahead of my transport, making between 60 and 70 miles a day. The second day out I met a

THE INDIAN

stranger, a typical down east Yankee trader.

He was a long haired, lantern jawed specimen, driving an express waggon, piled up with all sorts of merchandise to trade with the dusky savages. He was driving two ponies and leading four others.

He stopped me and fired a volley of questions at me at once. He enquired particularly about the Indians, wanted to know if I had seen any, whereabouts would he meet them; if they were bad, etc.

I told him they began to get real bad at Swift Current and they had killed several Crees at that point to my certain knowledge.

This was the spot he was heading for.

O U T W E S T

He then wanted my opinion as to what the probabilities were in his particular case. I told him, according to their usual destructive habits, that they would probably first of all annex his ponies, then divide the spoils on the waggon amongst them and most likely take a few pot shots at him as they rode off. He seemed to be reflecting deeply, and a change of mind appeared imminent, but a thought struck him, and with his unmistakable New England accent, he drawled: “Wa’al stranger, you come by there safe, how is it they didn’t do nothing to you?”

“Oh,” said I, putting on a real cunning look, and at the same time reaching down under the seat and hooking my finger into the grinning skull of the late lamented, “Here is

THE INDIAN

the last son of a dog that interfered with me.”

He tipped his old felt hat back, scratched his shaggy red mane reflectively and said:—“I guess I could dew most as well with that stuff back to Moose Jaw,” then turning slowly round he trotted along behind me Eastward bound.

Shortly after that notorious warrior, “Sitting Bull,” had ceased from annoying our American neighbors, various armed bands of his people called, by courtesy, “war parties” wandered north of the imaginary line to try and worry unsuspecting survey parties, or particularly any loose “tenderfoot” that might happen along on the plains.

I remember upon one occasion, being in charge of a small party,

OUT WEST

running a trial line across the Souris plains.

We were delayed by a big storm, almost a hurricane, south of Moose Mountain. I awoke with the sense of some subtle odor which was not there when I turned in. A thick mist in my tent was finally attributable to a tall handsome savage squatted on his hunkers, calmly waiting for me to wake up.

The "bouquet" came partly from a huge pipe of "kill-i-ki-nick," that vile concoction made of willow bark, and partly from the noble warrior behind the pipe, who was industriously fouling the atmosphere while I was wrapt in the slumber of guileless innocence.

It didn't take long to sing out for an Interpreter, and have the

THE INDIAN

Aboriginal nuisance removed outside, before granting an audience to so distinguished a visitor.

The picturesque scoundrel turned out to be "Sitting Bull's" right bower, and rejoiced in the name of "Rising Sun." His wardrobe consisted of an elaborately tattooed chest and a bandolier of Winchester cartridges. This handsome vagabond was on a little excursion up north in Canadian territory, accompanied by a band of about seventy or eighty ragamuffins, with their squaws and dusky progeny, seeking what they might devour.

My camp was in disorder after the gale, tents blown to smithereens, horses stampeded, etc., etc.

With the aid of a Sarcee interpreter he informed me that my presence

OUT WEST

(in my own country) was not only undesirable to His Majesty, but decidedly objectionable. He advanced the old well worn Indian argument that I would scare the game away and thus prevent him and his tribe from making an honest living.

After pointing out to this child of nature that he really belonged to Uncle Sam and was trespassing on my Bailiwick, I did the usual thing, and after the pow-wow introduced him to a generous breakfast which would have puzzled the digestion of an ostrich. He ate everything in sight.

I then made him a present of much flour, sugar, tea and tobacco as a peace offering and told him, through the Interpreter, that I was closely related to the "Great White Mother"

THE INDIAN

(Victorian era), who possessed more red coated soldiers than his dog did fleas, and would not hesitate to blow him off the map if he wasn't good.

With these cheerful assurances, I bid him good-bye, saying as a parting shot, that I hoped never to see his ugly mug again.

I was congratulated by the grinning half-breeds upon my diplomatic manner of dealing with the noble chieftain, but alas! for all human calculation, when it comes to dealing with the wandering nomad of the plains.

The next morning at dawn I awoke to find the noble savage once more squatted at my feet. This time I was indeed annoyed, but discretion triumphed, and sending for the Interpreter, I at first denounced him

OUT WEST

as an unwashed, hand-painted imposter, telling him that he had broken our sacred contract by daring to show his forbidding countenance again. I also remarked with an air of assumed dignity, befitting one so closely related to the Royal Family, that the "Great White Mother" would be greatly distressed at the wayward manners of her red-skinned children and would probably disinherit the whole bunch, etc.

This speech being interpreted to him with any amount of half-breed embroidery, seemed to have a soothing effect, but after thinking it carefully over, the noble warrior emitted a sullen grunt, and told the Interpreter to tell me that he too came of a proud and haughty race, and was

THE INDIAN

not nearly such a rotter as I had depicted. He didn't want any favors at my hands, and, what was more, wouldn't accept them; in fact, he didn't admire my style anyway and much preferred his own. All he sought was permission to bring the ladies of his harem into the camp, that they might gaze upon the classic features of the Caucasian ere we departed.

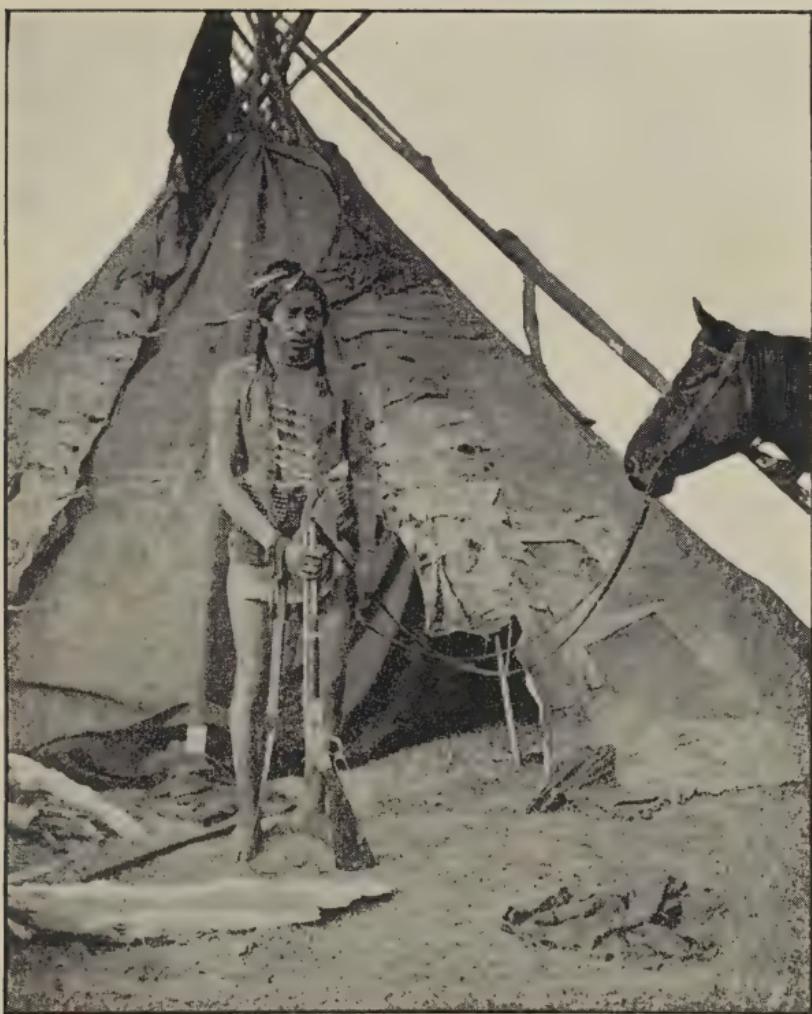
This being granted, that same afternoon a loud jingling of spurs, mixed up with suppressed giggling, announced the arrival of the female element in old "Rising Sun's" entourage.

Talk about feminine curiosity, they could give their fairer sisters cards and spades and then beat them at their own game.

OUT WEST

They poked their noses into everything, chattered continuously, asked all sorts of "fool" questions, and I expect many of the younger damsels had never gazed upon the fair features of a white man before.

They were particularly interested in the culinary department and after being fed, hung about the cook's tents examining every detail. A peculiarly beautiful bean pot struck the fancy of an old fat chaperone, who came over to my tent accompanied by her sixteen year old daughter, who was attired in one single garment, generally advertised by the department stores as "White-wear." In this particular case it might have been quite true, originally.



ONE OF "RISING SUN'S" YOUNG WARRIORS
With no Tailor's Bills to Worry Him.

THE INDIAN

After manifesting much anxiety and making many violent gesticulations (the old horror had her daughter in one hand and the bean pot in the other), I gave my consent to anything for a quiet life, and at sundown they departed, bean pot and all.

Imagine my—well, consternation, at least, upon returning to my tent to find that wretched old russet colored chaperone had missed her count and forgotten the dusky daughter, who, seated upon the ground, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the proceedings.

My young Interpreter, in broken English, punctuated with many grins, informed me that marriage contracts in that particular tribe were often entered into through the

OUT WEST

medium of some such miserable wedding present, and in my case even a measly bean pot would be considered quite legal.

Here was I hooked up for life to a dark bay damsel whom I had never seen before, whose language I didn't understand, and to whose family I had not even been introduced, and what was more embarrassing, the Chief Engineer was expected to arrive any day. What a predicament for a modest, innocent, unassuming church member to find himself in.

There was my wild, unkempt, picturesque bridelet, the untaught daughter of a savage race of warriors, coyly enjoying every moment of my consternation, while I could only explain the awkward

THE INDIAN

situation to her through an Interpreter.

This gentleman was immediately despatched to the Indian camp and brought back with him a brother of the maiden, who was then returned to the paternal "Tepee" with my compliments and regrets.

THE
HOMESTEADER

THE HOMESTEADER.

HE was young, handsome, English, and unsophisticated. It was in the early days, and I was bound west on top of a load of horse feed to locate the main line from Brandon west. The end of the track then was Winnipeg. The roads were worse than awful, waggons went axle deep in the rich, black, alluvial soil, which was destined to produce millions of bushels of golden grain, which in turn filled the coffers of the farmers with golden dollars.

It took a week with heavy loads to make the first town, Portage La Prairie, only 60 miles.

OUT WEST

I was pulling out early one morning when he appeared, armed with a double barrelled gun, a Winchester rifle, fishing rod, tennis bat, and other agricultural implements.

He informed me that he wanted to be a farmer and asked me if I would take him West. I told him to climb on board. He went back to the little tavern where we had stayed over night and reappeared with a tooth brush which seemed to be the extent of his baggage.

He was a gentle youth, yet garrulous withal and prattled amiably as my four horses struggled westward through the mud.

Seventy-five miles more brought us to the Assiniboine river, and the site of what is now the City of Brandon, where my engineering

THE HOMESTEADER

operations were to commence. My young passenger was anxious to begin his agricultural career at once, but as I had more important things to do, I introduced him to an old timer whom I met by accident and told the gentle youth he must now shift for himself, like Adam and Eve in the garden, "the world was all before him where to choose."

My camp was the only sign of human habitation on these vast prairies, there was the virgin soil waiting for the plow of the husbandman, millions of acres to be had for the asking, nicely divided by the Government into 160 acre parcels, called quarter sections.

The guileless would-be farmer was generously instructed by the old timer, who no doubt relieved him of

OUT WEST

some of his impedimenta, not actually required for farming. He was told that all that the regulations required was that he should put up a small hen coop on the homestead, made with a few boards, and plow a few furrows round it, when he would immediately become a bona fide settler and in due time, having complied with a few more formalities, the proud possessor of the land.

Before I left there he paid me a visit one night and all seemed well with him. I departed in the morning to run the preliminary line for the great Transcontinental highway.

It was perhaps about three months after, when I had run out several hundred miles, that the Chief Engineer came to the front to pay me a visit, and asked me to drive back

THE HOMESTEADER

with him over the line, which took several days.

Upon my return to the spot where I had left my young tenderfoot, I was astounded to find a flourishing town growing up and the iron horse rapidly approaching.

Hundreds of tents lined what were afterwards to be streets and avenues, hotels and restaurants were going up as if by magic. Steamers ran on the Assiniboine in those days, and several of them were rapidly unloading their passengers and merchandise.

All kinds of stores were opening up business, and the daily increase in the population showed one plainly that this bare prairie which I had left only a few months before, was soon to become "quite a place."

OUT WEST

I naturally thought of my friend whose modest hencoop was located well in the centre of this thriving business centre, and after many enquiries and no end of trouble, I ran across a stranger in a nondescript sort of canvas edifice, part saloon, part billiard room and the rest restaurant.

Here I learned from the stranger that my protege had wearied of his lonely life and had sold out to some land shark, his valuable location, for one piebald pony, one meerschaum pipe (second hand), one German silver watch (out of order) and seven dollars and a quarter cash.

That night the embryo farmer paid me a visit and commenced the conversation by saying, “ I suppose

THE HOMESTEADER

you think I'm a d——d ass. Everybody else does."

I assured him that if what I had heard was true, I was with the majority every time.

He then told me the particulars and I volunteered to try and get his homestead back for him, as no transfer papers had been executed.

I sent for the sharp gentleman who had tried to take advantage of the guileless youth, and after much bluffing on my part, the pony and the other valuables were returned to the disgusted owner and once more my young hero was "monarch of all he surveyed," or at least 160 acres of it.

I presented him with a choice collection of very bad novels, and

OUT WEST

advised him to sit tight for the next few months, read the books and for recreation try to smoke himself to death with cigarettes, which he promised to do, thanking me for my kindness.

It was about Christmas when I returned for the second time, en route to headquarters at Winnipeg. The rails had crept westward many miles past Brandon, and when I arrived at my initial point, a real live town was in full swing. Good hotels, stores, churches, graded streets, side-walks, and all the many evidences of a prosperous western town. Busses were running from the neat white brick station (which before was an ancient box car), to the "Langham Hotel," no less, and

THE HOMESTEADER

midst all this scurry and bustle it seemed as if it would be quite a trick to find that hencoop.

I searched in vain for the enterprising proprietor,—at first in vain, but later on discovered the original “Old Timer” in some gilded saloon, who after partaking of a few stimulants told me the cold cruel facts.

It appeared that the young homesteader, a short time after I left grew homesick, and receiving a favorable offer, it proved too much for him, and he sold out, “lock, stock and barrel” for three pairs of navy blue socks (quite new), a second hand concertina, six packages of cigarettes, eighteen dollars in real money, and a steerage passage to Liverpool.

OUT WEST

Thus ended the husbandman's chance of a lifetime. Not very long ago after he got "cold feet," I happened to hear casually that same little pasture of his fetched over "Eighty Thousand Dollars."

THE MURDERER

THE MURDERER.

NOT many years ago a broken down Western American adventurer, an erstwhile cowboy, prospector, gambler, and tramp, ran across a young Englishman, with a little ready money, and game for anything.

It didn't take long to convince the young tenderfoot that up North in Canada untold riches awaited him in the shape of mineral wealth.

The joyous free life of "The Prospector," skilfully depicted, appealed to this young scion of a noble family,

OUT WEST

and after many libations a partnership was soon formed.

The American gentleman was to furnish the experience, while the Englishman provided the needful. Edmonton was selected as the objective point, where a good outfit could be obtained, then, Ho! for the Rocky Mountains, where riches rivalling King Solomon's mines awaited their pick and shovel.

The eager Englishman, delighted at his good fortune in securing such a prize for a partner, was only too anxious to depart for the scene of operations.

The pair lost no time in buying a handsome outfit and a couple of pack horses with the Britisher's money, and were soon on the way to tempt the fickle goddess.

THE MURDERER

Mile after mile was negotiated, over vast prairies and muskegs, climbing hills, plunging into deep valleys, swimming rapid rivers, and battling against black flies by day and mosquitoes by night, the partners arrived at the foot-hills of the great snow-capped range.

With the exception of a few straggling Indians, these two white men did not meet a living soul on their journey. The young Englishman was gay and garrulous, and after supper when their little tent was pitched, horses hobbled, and a good fire built, he would chatter away to his new found friend, telling him the history of his childhood and school days in old England.

The son of a Parson, blessed with the usual "quiver full," he soon had

OUT WEST

to leave the parental roof-tree, and like many others picked out America as the promised land of fortune.

This wholesome English boy, fresh from gentle surroundings, young, strong and artless, had taken quite a fancy to this partner of his, who was a much older man, and to the experienced eye had all the earmarks of a misspent life. Reticent to a degree, he offered no confidences to his English friend, but when the day's work was done would listen patiently to the joyous anticipations of the other, occasionally interjecting a remark on subjects quite beyond the ken of his cultured companion. He taught the Englishman many strange things in wood-craft, how to swing an axe, set a trap and throw a diamond hitch, and so

THE MURDERER

the weeks wore on harmoniously enough as they wended their way towards the land of wealth.

The long cold dreary winter is past. The white mantle of the snow is slowly disappearing from the foot hills, the welcome spring has come at last. Vast flocks of noisy geese are swiftly making their way north in great V shaped formations, all day and night the loud "Honk! Honk!" of their leaders can be heard announcing their return to northern feeding grounds.

Green blades of grass timidly poke their heads through the ice encrusted plains. Birds twitter in the sunlight. Tiny streams commence to trickle towards the great rivers, now beginning to break loose with a mighty roar, and nature seems to

OUT WEST

awaken from her long sleep, stretch herself and smile.

At the Fort, all is bustle and excitement. This is the season when "Traders yawn and the noble red man gives up his furs." In groups of three and four, the Indians congregate and do their great annual bargain-counter stunt. Stealthily a tall aborigine approaches the counter in the Hudson's Bay Store, and to the uninitiated, accustomed to the business methods of civilization, he looks for all the world like a burglar about to secure the family plate. Just watch him as he silently stalks the Company's clerk, who, knowing full well the artful little dinky ways and manners of the noble savage, keeps his back carefully turned towards him.

THE MURDERER

The Indian, after a cautious look round, puts his hand under his blanket and quietly separates himself from a large beaver skin, which he lays on the counter with a pronounced grunt, pointing up at the shelves for something that takes his fancy. If it is a dry goods transaction the old lady will most likely take a hand in, and when the gentlemanly and urbane clerk has snipped off a dozen yards of dress goods, she will contribute a couple more grunts to the general conversation.

The clerk then throws the dress goods at the warrior and chuck's the beaver skin under the counter.

This may go on for a week or more. The clerk doesn't say "What can I show you next, madam?" or "This shade is very much worn this

OUT WEST

Spring." Oh, no, he generally waits patiently with his back to the counter, in the most indifferent manner that he can assume, apparently with the design of impressing the native with the idea that he, the clerk, is doing him a great favor by giving him 30 cents worth of red flannel for a four dollar beaver skin.

Long lines of traders' carts are now to be seen leaving the Fort, their wooden axles screeching, as they wend their way eastward, heavily loaded with rich furs, destined soon to grace the fair shoulders of many a haughty dame; for after all, nowadays, it is not a far cry from Red River to Regent Street.

Languidly resting, with one elbow on the counter, is a tall weather

THE MURDERER

stained stranger, who seems to take but little interest in his surroundings, and hardly deigns to notice the motley group of Indians, half-breeds and traders, passing and repassing him continuously. His unkempt beard, long hair and patched clothes mark him easily as a prospector just arrived from the mountains. He is uncommunicative and alone.

For a day or two the stranger loaf round the Fort, buying a few necessaries and getting himself trimmed up a bit, as is customary upon reaching the outposts of civilization, before setting out on the long journey East. There were no railways in those days out there. But fate had decreed otherwise, and even then the mysterious hand of Pro-

OUT WEST

vidence,—call it what you will,—was upon the collar of that lonely stranger.

The historian tells us that, an old reliable employee of the wonderful old Hudson's Bay Company, possessed of all the instincts of the trapper, thought he recognized the stranger, and in his own mind identified him as the partner of our young English friend who passed through there not many months before in search of gold.

This garrulous old gentleman communicated his belief to the Sergeant of Police on duty at the Fort, who in turn paid a visit to the stranger and subjected him to the “Third Degree” with the result that the Sergeant reported to his superior

THE MURDERER

officer that there were mysterious circumstances surrounding the stranger's appearance in their midst, and that he had consequently detained him. The stranger was subjected to a series of cross-examinations, and acknowledged his identity as the man who had gone north with the young Englishman.

He said that after being together many months, they had quarrelled, and eventually separated, the Englishman deciding to seek his fortune alone, while his quondam partner determined to return to civilization.

While these inquiries were being prosecuted by the Mounted Police, a small band of Indians travelling south, came upon the signs of a

OUT WEST

deserted camp and noticed the remains of a camp fire, much larger than usual.

In poking through the ashes they discovered several metal buttons.

There was a poplar tree o'er-spreading the spot, and one wise old squaw, looking up at the leaves on the tree sagely observed that "they had been cooking much meat here," as she could detect grease upon the under side of the leaves. These circumstances were duly reported to the police, and a couple of men sent up to examine the place, taking with them some of the Indians.

It was an ideal spot for a camp, a poplar glade, nearby a shallow pond or "slough." There were the remnants of the camp fire where the tell-tale buttons had been unearthed

THE MURDERER

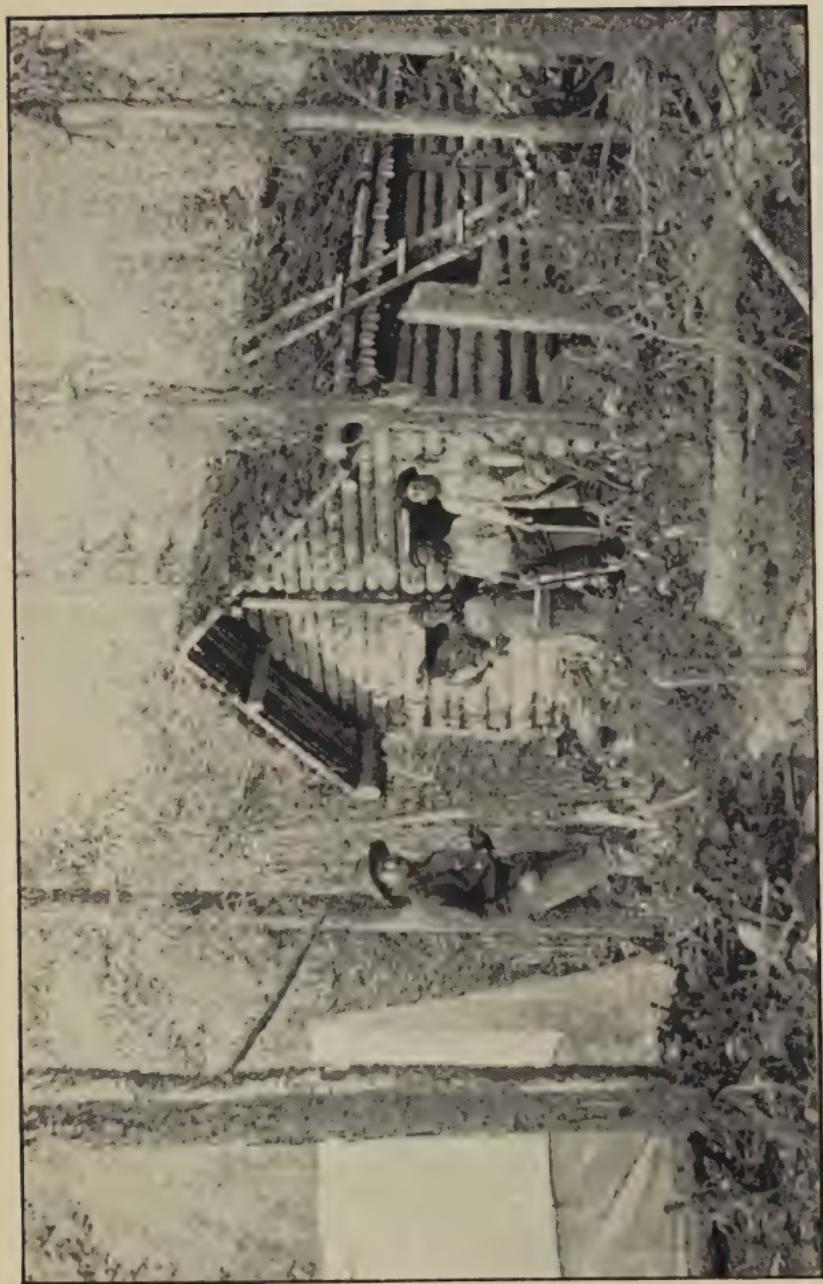
by the Indians. The ashes were carefully raked away, and very soon the charred remains of human bones were disclosed.

The little pond was next dragged and a sheath knife brought to the surface.

The Police then utilized the services of the Indians in draining the miniature pond, with good results. A small sovereign purse was discovered, and this it was that told so eloquently the dreadful tale of base ingratitude and murder. Swift justice followed. The stranger in the guard room, although confronted with these damning details, stuck to his guns and denied his guilt. The circumstantial evidence was too strong. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

O U T W E S T

Then when the spring-time gradually melted into glorious summer, when warmth and gladness smiled upon that far northern country, just as the golden sun rose o'er the distant foothills, a lonely, friendless, wretched, pinioned murderer slowly mounted the scaffold, gazed heavenward for a moment, and without a single word, paid the awful penalty decreed by British law.



AUTHOR'S "SHACK" ON THE YUKON RIVER, 1897.

THE
SHERIFF

T H E S H E R I F F.

I remember him well; I can almost see him now, a trim built, grey haired man, florid complexion, sharp steel blue eyes, alert and resourceful, a brilliant conversationalist, and ever ready to give you the benefit of his marvellous and numerous experiences.

Talk about Baron Munchausen, the Sheriff had him skinned to death. Upon the slightest provocation this distant relative of Ananias would reel off the most astounding recollections.

He had been a Mounted Police Officer in Australia, a Prospector,

OUT WEST

Miner, Soldier, Sailor, Farmer, and now held the proud position of Sheriff, presiding over a country with an area of many thousand miles.

He would talk by the hour, and when pipes were lighted and Fort Benton benzine circulated freely, he would paralyze the "tenderfoot" with weird tales, in which he was invariably the unscathed hero.

He generally addressed himself, apparently, to some imaginary chairman and when the denouement of some blood-curdling lie had been reached, he would look round the gaping audience with a look of defiance in his steel blue glittering eye, and with one hand on the hilt of his six-shooter would glare at his astonished victims, which plainly

THE SHERIFF

said, "Let some one of you fellows dare to deny what I said."

It was in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and wild animals were in fashion that evening,—Grizzly Bears had the floor.

"Talking of bears, gentlemen," said the modern Munchausen, looking threateningly round the assembled company, "reminds me. As you probably all know when riding through these hills I generally use a Mexican saddle, and always carry a horse-hair lariat on the horn of my saddle. Well sir, I was coming along the trail the other day, not thinking of anything special, when, sir, what do you suppose I saw ahead of me? A grizzly, sir, yes sir the largest bear I ever saw in my life. On account

OUT WEST

of the roaring of the river I suppose he never heard me coming; well, sir, it didn't take me a minute. I just whipped off my lariat, and quicker than you could say 'knife' I had roped that bear.

"Now, sir, what happened? (glaring round for the least sign of disbelief) I found the lariat tightening up, and, sir, looking down I found myself,—horse and all sir,—where? Why, fifty feet off the ground. Yes, sir, that bear had climbed one of those tall Douglas Fir trees, and there I was. Well, sir, what did I do? (pause, giving time for murmurs of wonder) Well, sir, I just whipped out my sheath knife, cut the lariat and dropped to the ground."

THE SHERIFF

The old gentleman invariably told all his marvellous yarns in the same fashion, asking the phantom chairman questions, and answering them promptly himself, or if any green-horn ventured to hazard a guess on results, he would wither him up with one swift indignant scowl and say, "No, sir, I did nothing of the kind, I knew better!" and then wind up the oft told barefaced abomination in a blaze of glory.

One of his favorites, easily lead up to by any of the boys who had many a time and oft suffered under his bewildering romances, related to his experiences in Australia.

Apropos of nothing, the old Prevaricator would burst forth suddenly. "Well, sir, when I was in the Mounted Police at Ballarat, I had to

OUT WEST

take seven prisoners down country, a matter of two or three thousand miles. I only had a sergeant and two men with me. Well, sir, after sixteen days and nights hard riding, no sleep mind you, sir, we were absolutely done out, my men couldn't stand it any longer. Well, sir, what did I do? When we camped that night I said, 'give me a shovel.' We dug seven holes, put the prisoners in, buried to their necks, tamped the earth round them, and then we had supper and turned in; never had such a delicious rest;—slept till daylight, turned out, sir,—no prisoners to be seen, not a single head—Wolves, sir, yes sir, Wolves."

Quite a popular one he used to tell, was about the early mining

THE SHERIFF

days. I think the old Ananias must have been a forty-niner:—

“Well, sir, when I was a young man trying to make my way up to the mines in Australia, we never carried any tents, the heat was awful and we simply threw ourselves down under a gum tree at night. We used a sheep skin to sleep on. Well, sir, I had a beauty, it must have been off a freshly skinned sheep; but, sir, although the wool was thick, the ground was hard, and at first I couldn’t sleep. I tossed restlessly about till nearly dawn, when gradually I felt my bed getting softer, and softer, quite springy, like a wire mattress.

“I fell into a delightful slumber, and when I awoke the sun was high in the heavens, bursting through the

OUT WEST

foliage of the enormous blue gum tree and scorching my face. I looked down and found that I was at least four feet above the hard baked ground; well, sir, what was the reason?—Maggots, sir, yes, sir Millions of Maggots.”

A sigh of approval escaped from the interested gallery, when the old Past Master of the United Order of Independent Liars proceeded to remark,—

“Well, sir, I was once up in the Cariboo Gold Mines in the early days, and after working our claim all summer, somebody had to take the gold down to the Mint. I was selected for the job.

“It was just the beginning of winter, but the snow was already very deep, so I started alone on

THE SHERIFF

snowshoes with over sixty thousand dollars in dust and nuggets on my back (the cheerful old prevaricator evidently forgot that amount of gold would weigh over three hundred pounds). I made good time as I was a young man in those days and soon arrived at the head of Kamloops Lake, fifty miles long, yes sir, fifty—what did I find? The snow had disappeared and the lake was glare ice. It was sixty below zero. Well, sir, what did I do? Took off my snow shoes and put on my skates, started down that lake sir, going over twenty miles an hour.

“When I was half way down I heard a noise behind me like dogs barking, took a look over my shoulder—what did I see? A pack of wolves, yes sir, wolves, over fifty

OUT WEST

of them coming after me like mad, their eyes staring out of their heads, shining brightly, and their red tongues just as plain as I see you.

“In a second I knew what to do. I suppose I was fully five miles off the land, but I could distinguish the figure of a man working in a garden near the shore. I turned and skated like a man will skate with a pack of hungry wolves after him, and getting closer every minute too.

“Got there just in time sir, I could almost feel their hot breath on the back of my neck. The man was hoeing potatoes. Threw down my pack, pushed the man over, seized his hoe, and faced the wolves—killed over thirty of them sir; yes, sir, over thirty, I said, and the rest ran away.”

THE
ENGLISHMAN

THE ENGLISHMAN.

THEY were a typical group of four ex-officers from Merrie England,—a Colonel, a Major, and two Captains. The wealth of the golden Klondyke had attracted their fancy, and it didn't take long to assemble the necessary capital for the venture—when one fine day four well groomed Englishmen set sail for New York and put up at the Waldorf.

After many consultations, over the walnuts and wine, the overland route via Edmonton was selected.

Nothing like discipline “deah boy, dontcherknow.” So our brave heroes divided up into departments.

OUT WEST

The Colonel took command, which was a sinecure. The Major had charge of the purchasing department. One Captain acted as Supply Officer and the other as Director of Transport.

After having sampled the hospitalities of the Waldorf for several days, the Commanding Officer notified his staff that they were now in America ; the Supply Officer, who was furnished with a list of the necessary supplies required, notified the purchasing department that under the heading of "S" he had come across "Stove,—Cooking, American," hence since they had arrived in America this was the place to purchase the stove.

At a well known hardware store, a magnificent cooking range, guar-

THE ENGLISHMAN.

anteed real American, was secured, (weighing something over a ton), at a fabulous price, and shipped by the Transport Officer to Montreal, "a town on the C.P.R. in Canada."

This being considered sufficient exertion for one day, the quartette adjourned to their hotel and sampled many curious cocktails indigenous to the soil. The supplies for the expedition had been purchased in London, and although the expenditure was most lavish, the outfit no doubt was generally unsuitable. Money will do almost anything, but a little experience mixes well with it when you are going into almost a "*terra incognita*" in search of fortune.

However, here are our four heroes safe across the ocean, they have

OUT WEST

weathered the perils of New York and are now on their way to Montreal, the Metropolis of Canada.

The portly magnate of a great railway corporation sat in his office in Montreal behind a long black cigar —ever and anon he pressed a button which summoned a trusty henchman to his side, who would receive an order and depart as silently as he came.

Four visiting cards announced the arrival of our unsophisticated Englishmen, who were promptly ushered into the presence of the great Mogul.

He scanned the cards sharply and swinging round in his revolving chair quickly scrutinized the visitors with a practiced eye.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

“Sit down, gentlemen, glad to meet you; now, what can I do for you?” said the man behind the cigar.

“Oh, really you are awfully good, dontcherknow, but I don’t think there is anything you can do for us, we’ve got everything we want; just thought we’d drop in and pay our respects as we were passing through to Klondyke.”

The Colonel was the spokesman for the party of intrepid explorers.

“Oh, indeed, and so you are all off for the Klondyke, and what route are you going to take?”

“Oh, we are going by the C.P.R.”

“Well, gentlemen, I may be of some assistance to you in this, for instance,—as a matter of fact it might interest you to know that the

OUT WEST

C.P.R. does not go to the Klondyke."

"Ah, just so! Now, Charlie!" turning to the Director of Transport, "that's what I always maintained, we have to change carriages at some bally place, can't remember now whether its Winnipeg or Quebec."

Charles thought it might possibly be Calgary. The other two distinguished officers gave it up, when the Railway Magnate came to the rescue and explained that the C.P.R. would be only too proud to carry them as far as Edmonton, which was the end of that branch.

"How do you propose going on from there?" asked the great man seriously.

"Oh, that's easy enough, we're going to get a lot of horses and snow-

THE ENGLISHMAN.

shoes and things; by the way, do you think snowshoes are better than those other Indian arrangements?—you know, Harry, that Canadian Chappie we met on the ship told us about, those, what's his names? Moccasins, don'tcherknow. We've ordered a whole lot of tents too.

The Magnate, becoming interested, enquired good naturedly whether they were well provisioned for their proposed long and hazardous trip.

"Oh, rather," observed the Commanding Officer, gaily turning to the Supply Department, "George, just show him what we are taking with us." Whereupon George produced a small lozenge out of his waistcoat pocket about the size of a pea, and proudly handed it to the railway chief.

OUT WEST

"Now, then," said the spokesman, "you can't guess what that is," and in the same breath, excitedly, "that's a mutton chop, eh—what? When we go into camp you know, just drop that harmless looking little thing into a cup of hot water, and in two minutes it swells up and there you have a mutton chop."

The magnate was highly entertained by the enthusiasm of these poor misguided argonauts and their condensed luxuries, but ventured to ask how they would provide forage for their numerous horses.

"Ah, simple enough, show him one of those other things, George," when, sure enough another lozenge was exhibited, this time as large as a bean. "Now then, sir, what's that? Ah, ha! That's an oil cake,

THE ENGLISHMAN.

you know, put one of those on a horse's tongue, close his mouth and in a few minutes it swells into a good sized ration of cil cake, very fattening and much better than oats, you know. Saves carrying hay and grain too, one man can carry enough food for twenty horses for a month in his waistcoat pocket; good idea, rather, eh—what? Awful smart Johnnie invented that, he'll make all sorts of 'oof' out of it."

Before leaving the head man of the greatest railway corporation on earth they got some good advice. He suggested that they should proceed to Edmonton, where there was a nice comfortable Hudson's Bay Fort, then pitch their camp some six or eight miles ahead, and start in on the condensed mutton chop tablets,

OUT WEST

then practice walking in to the Fort and back every day for several weeks, but by no means to get too far away from headquarters and human help.

I was told that after doing Montreal thoroughly, the Purchasing Department being in great demand, this joyful, guileless quartette arrived safely at Edmonton, where carloads of English supplies awaited them.

Amongst other luxuries unheard of in those latitudes were several cases of champagne; also many hundred bottles of pickles and sauces.

The winter having set in, these congealable commodities of course all burst except perhaps a few

THE ENGLISHMAN.

frappé cocktails, saved out of the general wreck.

They did not forget the advice of the Montreal magnate and having pitched their camp some distance from the Fort, they took it in turns, sleeping in a tent. Three of them would stay inside the Fort, while the other poor devil who had lost the toss would camp outside. This was supposed to accustom them to camp life and with the aid of the homeopathic chop, innure them to the hardships of the trail.

What eventually became of these pioneers, I never heard.

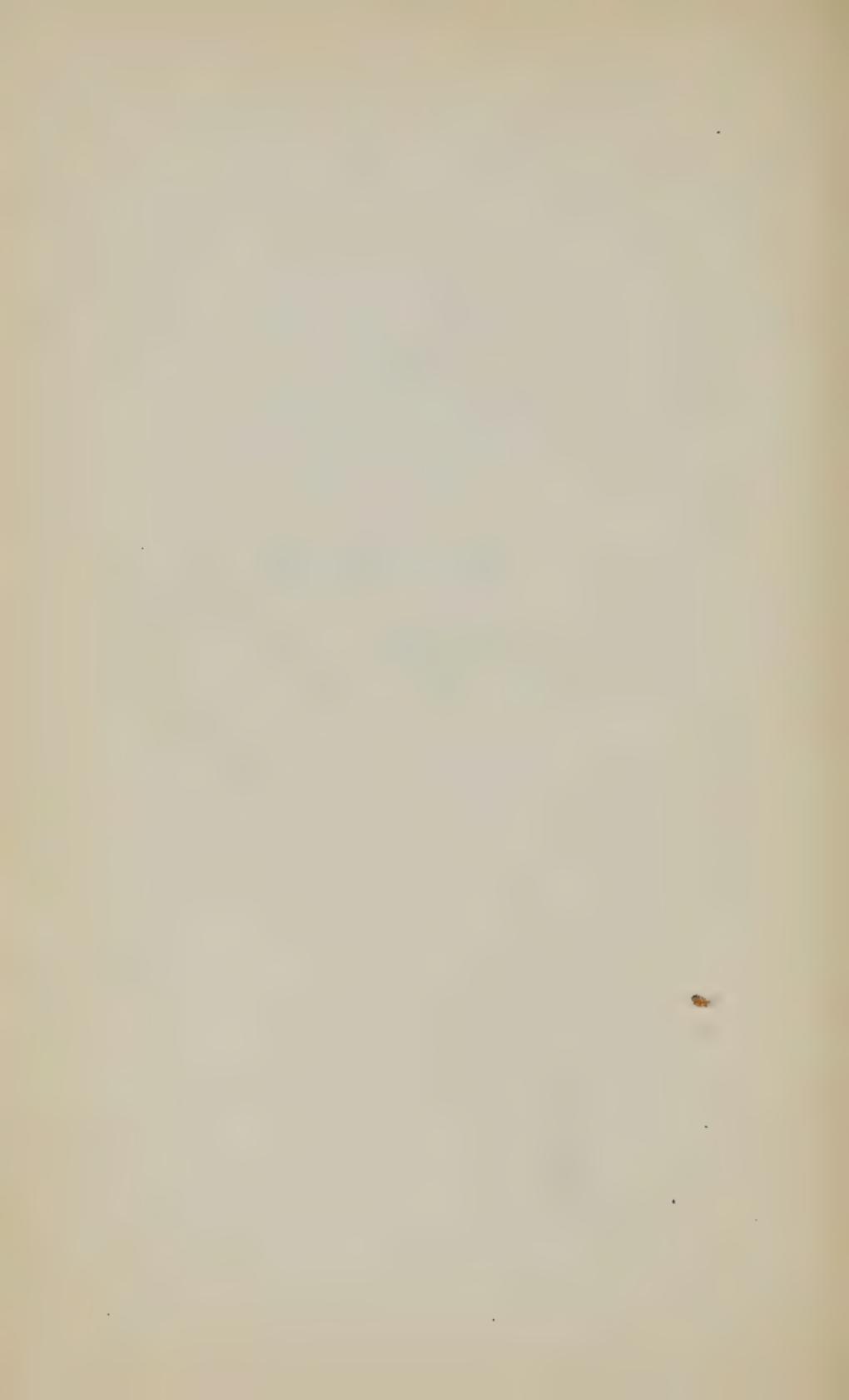
A good story was told of their many eccentricities, that when one of these intrepid adventurers tried to put snowshoes on the after feet of

OUT WEST

a mule, the animal objected and the operator got several ribs stove in.

I expect the party eventually broke up and meandered back to Merrie England. They certainly never got anywhere near the golden goal, although the expedition cost many thousand good old British sovereigns.

THE MOUNTED
POLICEMAN.



THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

THE Royal North West Mounted Police is as fine a body of men as ever existed.

For many years the protecting influence of this splendid force has been felt by the Ranchman, the Farmer, the Squatter, the Miner, the Sportsman, the Trader, and everybody else, once in the seductive toils of the "lure of the west."

The enormous area of territory over which the Mounted Policeman presides and administers law and justice is almost incalculable. Long before these vast western plains

OUT WEST

were divided into Provinces, the Mounted Policeman patrolled this wonderful country, destined to be the home of millions of settlers and the greatest granary in the known world.

He was there when the Buffalo in countless thousands roamed at will, where now the busy hum of the steam thresher is heard in the land, with nought but the bleaching bones of the lordly Buffalo to remind him of the past.

Whenever a new mining territory was discovered, who followed upon the footsteps of the prospecting pioneer? The Mounted Policeman. Did the noble red man become troublesome to the settler, who was it that went after the savage, recaptured the stolen ponies and restored

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

them to the owner? Why the ubiquitous North West Mounted Policeman.

Many a good story is told of the intrepid Policeman taking his prisoners, single handed, out of a bunch of hostile Indians. They were often called upon to do detective work, and there have been many cases where, through individual shrewdness, combined with good calm judgment, mysterious crimes have been unearthed and the criminals brought to the gallows.

It was a cold still night at Dawson City. The bulbs in the mercurial thermometers were down and out, and the spirit thermometers were working overtime.

Life in the barracks of the Mounted Police during the long, dark

OUT WEST

winter was depressing. Shut out from the world and also all that makes life endurable, "the Policeman's lot was not a happy one."

Even the mysterious burglar seldom or ever burgled up there.

An occasional contraband cargo of whiskey had to be confiscated and its owner arrested and punished. Once in a while a disturbance in the Red Light District had to be attended to, or the arrival of a real "bad man" from the States who wanted to "shoot up" everybody, would break the solemn stillness of the Arctic monotony.

The dreary military routine of barrack life, with the briefest of days and longest of nights, seemed interminable.



A ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN
A Terror to Evil-doers.

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

The Commandant sat in his office after dinner, smoking a cigar and reading the latest papers, some six weeks old, when a visitor was announced by a Sergeant, who said the man wanted particularly to see the Colonel on business of great importance.

This was at least a welcome break in the dull monotony, and the stranger was shown in to the office at once.

A long, lean, lantern-jawed specimen of humanity with an air of mystery appeared; he seemed to be overburdened with the weight of a deadly secret, and proceeded to unbosom himself at once.

"Colonel, I have something to tell you which I believe will be of great interest to you.

OUT WEST

"The other night I attended one of them Methodist revival meetings and I got converted. I listened to them praying and singing and I sure got religion."

"Well, get along with your story," said the Colonel.

"Well, sir, not very many days ago I happened to fall in with two men down to the Red Dog Saloon and they made a proposition to me. You know the stopping house kept by Slim Pete at the Forks. Well, he's got a store too, and a safe into it, and most of the miners up the Creeks has been depositing their dust with Pete, him being considered quite honest, and at times there is as much as Two hundred thousand dollars or more in the safe.

"Well, sir, these 'ere two men pro-

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

posed to me that we three should go into pardnership, and some night take a dog train, go up to the Forks and get the dust out of that safe.

"We talked it over, and it seemed quite a likely proposition, and profitable at that, but after a-discussing of it near all night, they concluded it was too much of a trick to try and get that much weight out of the country, and a better plan would be for us to go up the river on the ice, câche ourselves in the bush somewheres this side of the summit, and wait for the miners to come out, which they generally does in two's and three's a-packing of their dust, all the way from two to ten thousand dollars, when we could kill them first and rob them afterwards, cut a

O U T W E S T

hole in the ice, shove their bodies in, and wait for some more.

“The first man argued that they would never be missed till after the ice went out in May or June, and long before that time we would be out, and down to 'Frisco enjoying ourselves with the boodle.

“Being out of a job and dead broke, I agreed to this scheme, but before we was ready to start I happened into this yere Church meeting, and as I say, got religion, and, Colonel, I tell you straight, I've got it bad and its come to stay. Therefore I takes the first opportunity to come right here after it gets plumb dark to tell you the whole thing.

“The head man is real desperate, he is an ugly customer, strong and determined,—a middle sized, thick

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

set gent with a short black beard. His pardner is much younger and seems more innocent like, but is controlled by the other man and will do what he's told. They've got one black dog with them."

The Commandant scratched his chin thoughtfully and told the informer to go away just then, but return the following night, meanwhile the town should be searched for these would-be murderers.

Next day all the well known haunts of crooks and toughs were searched, but no one answering the description could be found. However, it was ascertained by the Police that two men, accompanied by a solitary black dog, were known to have left town that morning, going up the river on the ice.

OUT WEST

The Police were communicated with by wire at the different posts as far as the summit, but no suspicious characters had passed that way.

Towards Spring a man who answered to the description given by the "convert" was arrested by the indefatigable Police. He had in his possession a black dog and a large amount of money, amongst which was a rather uncommon ten dollar bill on a bank in Texas.

This bill was submitted to the Trading Company at Dawson, and as luck would have it, was recognized as having been paid out to a certain miner who was missing, having gone out that winter and never been seen afterwards.

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

The organizer of the murderous expedition was held at Fort Selkirk Barracks, till Spring, when, as the Police Officer grimly observed, the Yukon invariably gave up its dead. At last the enormous field of ice began to move out slowly, and the bodies of three men came to the surface.

One was identified as the bad man's pardner and the other two as miners who had gone out during the winter, one of whom being recognized as the owner of the ten dollar bill.

Upon this circumstantial evidence, although always strongly protesting his innocence, the bad man was tried, convicted and eventually hanged at Dawson City.

O U T W E S T

It was a terrible execution.

The wretched prisoner acted like a raving maniac as he approached the scaffold, and died with curses on his lips for the Royal North West Mounted Policeman.



THE PROSPECTOR.

THE
PROSPECTOR

THE PROSPECTOR.

TEN years ago, when I was camped a mile below what is now Dawson City, when the Arctic Summer with its monotonous daylight was about drawing to a close, a terrific thunder storm came along one night; the wind blew a hurricane, shifted all round the compass many times, lashed the river into foam and snapped off the trees round the camp like carrots. The lightning was close to us and very vivid; the thunder roared and reechoed again and again far away in the mountains.

OUT WEST

right—why he's guaranteed for thirty days."

Then came the particulars of the tragedy.

It appeared the deceased and my newly found friend were, as he remarked "sort of side pardners" and were prospecting, away up the Eldorado Gulch.

On the night of the big storm they were sleeping together under a sort of makeshift "lean to" when a tree was blown down, instantly killing the young man by smashing in his skull.

There was no help nearby, and after cutting away the tree my giant friend discovered that his little "side pardner" had done with prospecting in this world forever.

THE PROSPECTOR.

Taking him on his back, as he innocently observed (he always referred to the departed as "him"), he actually packed the body 25 miles down to Dawson.

"I had him in the Company's Warehouse," he said, simply, "till yesterday, but the Captain told me I had to take him away, as the 'orthorities' won't allow him to stop in town."

I again suggested a funeral, when the giant looked serious and explained his reason for delaying the final operation.

It seemed that the dead man had a brother who was prospecting away up some distant creek, and he had to be sent for, as they thought it the proper thing for him to officiate as chief mourner, so they decided to

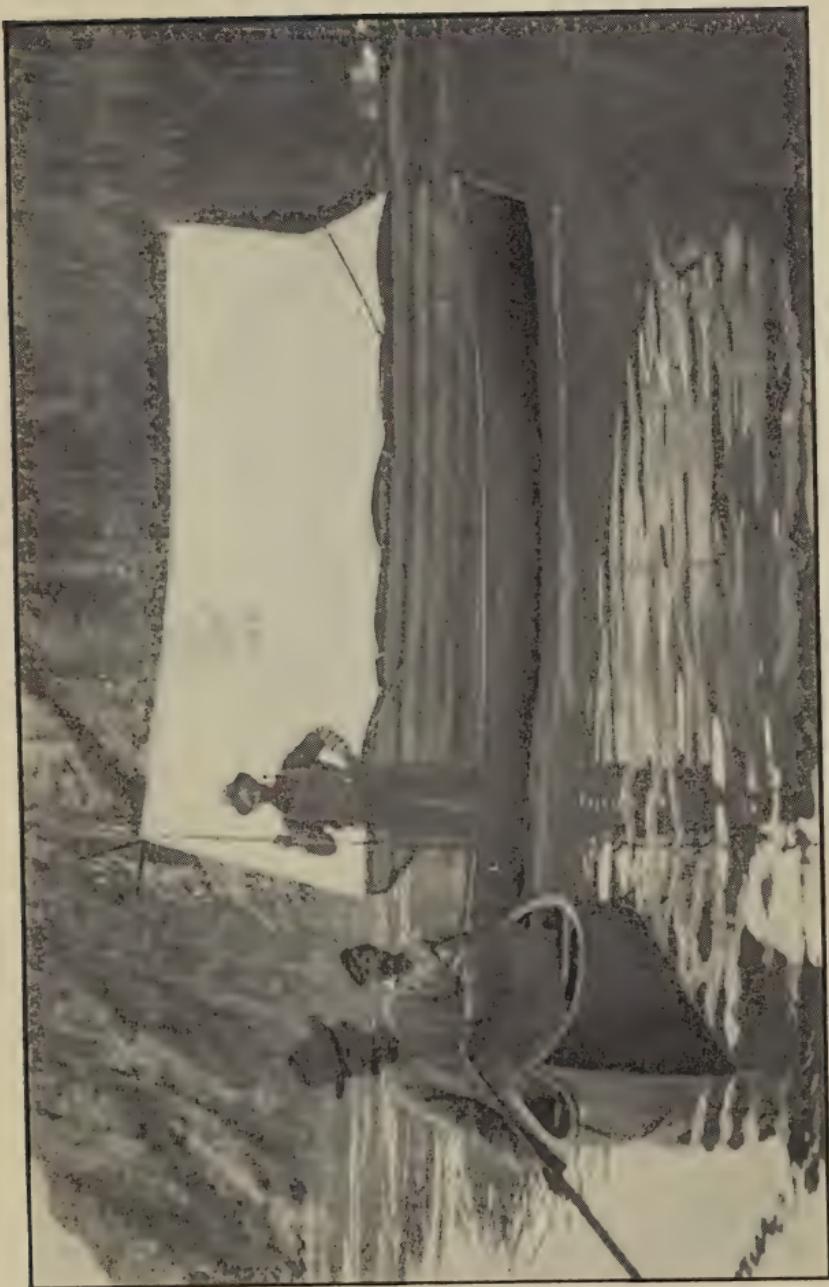
OUT WEST

keep the late lamented above ground till the arrival of the brother, besides which my friend was anxious to prove there had been no foul play.

With these ideas, a number of old "Sour dough" miners, with the aid of a retired tinsmith and many tomato tins, had actually managed to "can him" in a sort of home made casket, so that he would keep.

And there he lay in the bottom of the boat, moored to the bank, a bright shining object, a quiet, well behaved, and, at present inoffensive neighbor.

"Good-night, pardner," said my visitor, and then looking over his shoulder before he slowly disappeared into the bush, "keep an eye on him, will yer? Yer see, some of the boys might take a notion to play



MIDNIGHT ON THE YUKON
The Prospector's Silent "Pardner" is in boat covered with awning.

THE PROSPECTOR.

a ‘josh’ on me and come and cut the line and let him go down stream.”

Nothing happened for the next few days, and the faithful giant used to come down every morning and take a look at his silent armor plated friend, till at last he came one day arrayed in all the trappings of woe, including a collar and an immense black necktie. He proudly announced that the brother had arrived, and the funeral was ordered for two o’clock that afternoon.

The regular old miner dearly loves a funeral. To him it is an event not to be neglected.

The sad event is announced by crude notices posted on trees in conspicuous places, and the solemnity of the occasion is highly appreciated and most impressive.

OUT WEST

The virtues of the deceased are generally discussed in low tones and his many good qualities often exaggerated.

The day of the funeral I was formally invited to be present at the obsequies, but was obliged to decline. The giant prospector, who by this time I had christened "Gabriel Conroy," then suggested that I should send a couple of men in canoes to follow the boat containing the canned gentleman, remarking quite pathetically, "I think purdner that will make a kind of nice little percession like, don't you?"

The ceremony came off exactly as planned and was a great success.

I saw Gabriel once or twice afterwards, when he thanked me most profusely for my share in the pro-

THE PROSPECTOR.

ceedings, which consisted principally in not being scared of ghosts, and taking care of "him."

The heaven born prospector, i.e., the genuine article, is the most hopeful and the most confident creature in the universe. Failure simply whets his appetite and encourages him to seek fresh fields. The most appalling obstacles only increase his desire to penetrate the inaccessible with the off chance of discovering the hiding place of the precious metal.

Innured to hardships all his life and anticipating nothing better, he religiously pursues the undulating vagaries of his calling without a murmur.

Theories born of long experience are constantly exploded, which

OUT WEST

makes no difference to him; he patiently plods along, working hard to discover the great secret of nature, living a hard life and often dying a hard death, “unwept, unhonoured and unsung.”

Once I asked Gabriel how it was that having prospected all over the continent, he had never become rich. He quickly assured me that once he had discovered a mine in Colorado and “sold her for forty-seven thousand dollars cash.”

I wondered why he didn’t hang on to it and retire, to which he replied with childish innocence—

“Well, purdner, I jest tell yer exactly how it is with us prospectors. The time I sold that there mine and got all that money, I thought I was

THE PROSPECTOR.

a great big son of a gun, but I wanted to be a — — — great big son of a gun, so I took that money and blowed it all in on a quartz lode in Idaho, which warn't wuth a cuss, so I lose the whole pile."

THE
MINER

T H E M I N E R.

HE is not like anybody else in the world. He is a weird, unique, distinct brand of humanity.

Accustomed to hardship and toil, innured to danger, self-supporting, uncomplaining, generous to a fault, honest and rugged, he plods along, methodically and systematically delving in the bowels of the earth, for what? The golden treasure buried for many centures often beneath millions of tons of snow, ice and gravel.

After many months of prospecting with pick, shovel and pan, he makes

OUT WEST

a "strike." It looks good and to his experienced eye the yellow "colors" in the bottom of his pan tell him, perhaps, of untold promised wealth below.

He and his "pardner" (he always has a "pardner"), soon knock down some trees and build a modest "shack," a couple of bunks are all he wants, a stove to cook with, and then with a claim staked out, he is ready for business.

The two "pardners" will toil away day and night in regular "shifts," piling up the rich gravel, to be "sluiced" in the spring.

Their frugal diet of beans and bacon does not require much of a "chef." On Sunday one of the "pardners" boils enough beans for a

THE MINER.

week, and three times a day, they simply load up the frying pan with a wad of beans mixed with grease, which, with a few slices of bacon and a chunk of sour dough bread, washed down with strong tea, is their regular *tâble d'hôte*.

After many moons, the monotony of this sumptuous bill of fare is often relieved by a dose of scurvy, when the pardner who has escaped this infliction, strikes the trail for civilization and packs in some canned fruits, lime juice, and occasionally a few real potatoes to try and save the life of his chum before he gets too bad. But there have been cases when the vegetables arrived too late and the poor gold seeker, gradually growing weaker, succumbs to this hideous disease.

OUT WEST

They are a careless lot and have no respect for the value of money.

It's when they get "outside" that they really enjoy themselves.

Dawson in its palmy days was a pretty good specimen of a mining camp, and as many of the richest claims were located comparatively near by, there were always plenty of successful miners to be found in town.

The Main Street consisted of many rude canvas tents, mostly bar-rooms with every sort of gambling device attached. These were running day and night. Faro, roulette, craps, stud poker, all well patronized. Nobody seemed to worry about eating, and as for sleeping, it seemed to me, a luxury that was never considered.

THE MINER.

Here is where the honest miner delighted to distribute his hard earned wealth.

In those days the only currency was gold dust and nuggets.

The real old “Sour-dough” would arrive with his “poke” which was a long buckskin bag, sack, or purse, with a capacity of anywhere from \$1200 to \$3000 in dust.

A bar, of rough boards, generally ran the whole length of the long canvas saloons, behind which four or five elegant bar-tenders disported themselves and dazzled the eyes of their eager customers with the magnificence of their apparel.

Huge diamonds rivalling the brilliancy of the “Koh-i-nor” nestled in the bosoms of their immaculate shirt fronts, and watch

OUT WEST

chains made out of solid gold nuggets were also much affected by these gentlemen.

At one end of the bar there was always to be found a calm, spectacled, clerical looking party, presiding over an enormous pair of "gold scales."

The modus operandi of "setting 'em up" was extremely simple and rapid.

The well known old habitué, just arrived from the "crick", would generally waltz up to the bar with as many thirsty souls as he could collect, pull out his sack or "poke" from the back pocket of his overalls and heave it on the bar, saying, "That's mine, Billy."

Then when the long row of glasses had been duly emptied, the affable

THE MINER.

and urbane individual with the doorknob diamond, would sling the bag of dust over to the clerical gent at the end of the bar, who, after taking a glance down the line, would rapidly shake into the scales what he considered approximately the price of the drinks, and carefully tying up the backskin strings of the "poke" would return it to its owner.

It was quite customary in those halcyon days for these affluent gentlemen to leave their wealth in charge of the bartenders, and I have often seen a dozen or more "pokes" reclining behind the bar, while their owners indulged in games of chance, the gorgeous bartender paying all bills as long as the dust held out.

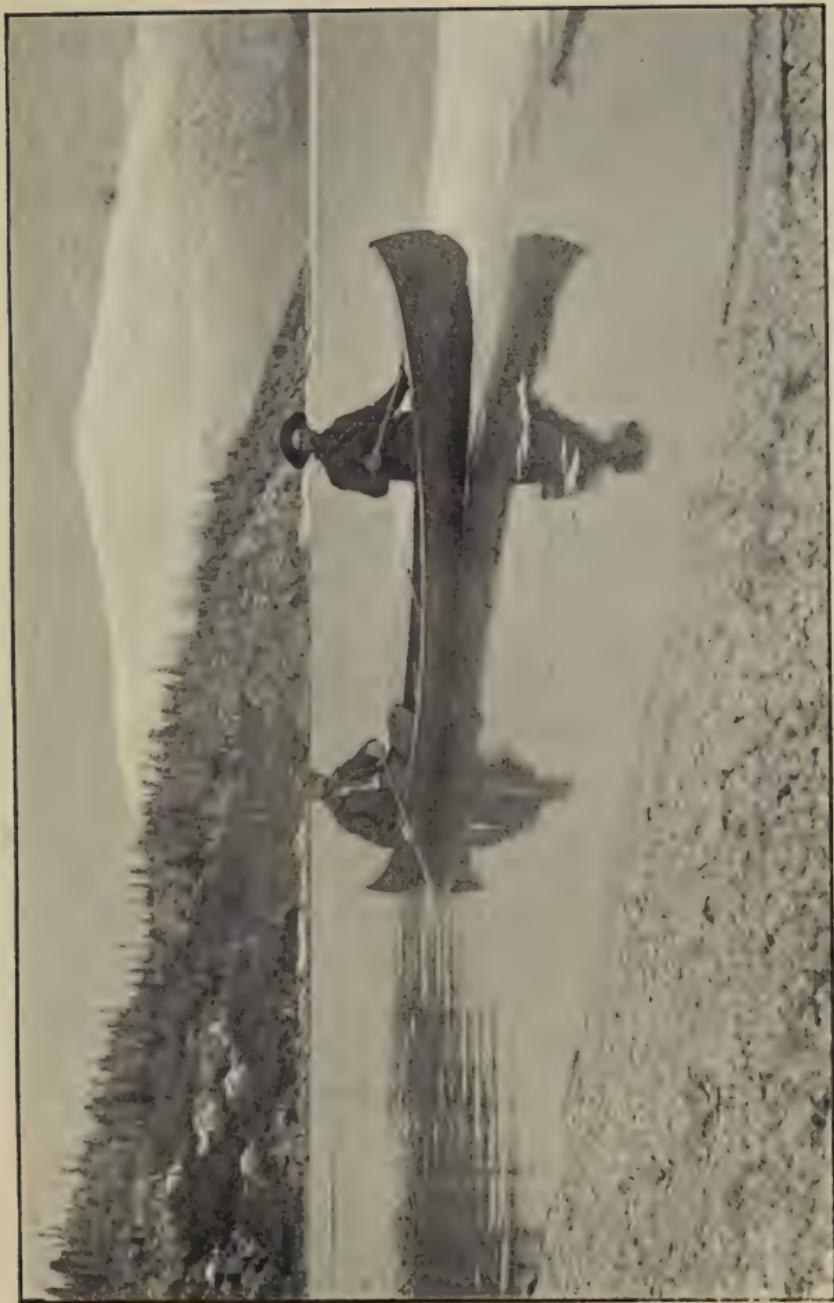
O U T W E S T

“Don’t overplay your sack,” was the sign displayed at most of the gambling places.

The light hearted miner having “bucked the tiger” till his resources were exhausted, would be informed facetiously that his sack “looked like a elephant had trod on it.” He would then have to get up to the Creek once more, until he had made another stake.

Poor devils! But they enjoyed themselves while it lasted.

Another source of amusement was dancing. There were several dance halls attached to the different saloons. The frail but fascinating “Hurdy Girl” was always in great demand, as there were never enough of them to go round.



HEAD WATERS OF THE MIGHTY YUKON.—Ice just gone out (June, 1897).

THE MINER

It was amusing to watch the solemn expression on the countenance of the old grizzled miner, when on a vacation, as he patiently waited his turn for a fair partner.

The procedure was monotonously regular; seizing the girl round the waist he would prance gaily into the centre of the floor and then amble round in the mazy waltz for a few minutes, until the call of "Next" from a gentleman who acted as a sort of "Ringmaster" would warn him that his time was up.

The couple would then meander to the bar, the price of this amusement being one dollar per dance, half of which went to the lady and the other half to the proprietor. The old time miner dearly loved to dance and was always anxious to distin-

O U T W E S T

guish himself by dancing as often and as long as possible, no matter what it cost. He seemed to regard it as some sort of endurance test, a kind of Marathon race, and there was much rivalry in consequence.

There were many noted characters in the early days of Dawson and they generally earned the inevitable sobriquet.

“Swift Water Bill” who amassed what would be considered a comfortable competence, and who “blew it all in” with comparative ease, was quite a celebrity.

What “Swift Water” said, generally “went.”

A really characteristic story of the peculiarities of this amicable spendthrift, describes how he once paid marked attention to a newly

THE MINER

arrived fair haired siren for at least a week, but alas, she being false and fickle, deserted "Swift Water" for another swain.

One fine morning "Bill" was seated in a tent restaurant, awaiting his breakfast, when in flounced his late attraction accompanied by her new admirer.

"Swift Water," knowing the lady's weakness for 'ham and eggs,' beckoned to the Proprietor and innocently asked him how many eggs he owned. "About seventy-five dozen." "How much?" "Dollar apiece." "Give me the lot," remarked William, thereby cornering the egg market in that district. He spoilt the lady's breakfast, but it cost "Swift Water" nine hundred dollars.

OUT WEST

There are of course many amateurs in the diggings, who occasionally make a strike and save their dust for nobler objects than Hurdy girls, firewater and faro. There are some who hoard their hard-earned wealth and are satisfied with a moderate sized pile, then they go home, marry their sweethearts, settle down and sell beer for the rest of their natural lives.

I knew one little Scandinavian, who had suffered untold miseries in the frozen north for years.

He had gone through successive stages of scurvy, until he had almost lost heart, besides nearly all his front teeth. He had also managed to contract asthma, so that he could hardly carry his hundred pound weight of gold dust, without resting

THE MINER.

every few steps. And yet this affluent invalid had visions of happiness, for one day he confided to me the information that when he got "owat" he would buy him a bunch of grapes every day in New York for five cents.

"Big Frank" was another grand character up there.

Born in New Hampshire, U.S., a blacksmith by trade, he had wandered out to the promised land and "staked a winner." For eight long years he had devoted his gigantic strength to digging shafts and driving tunnels in search of the precious metal, until at last he was rewarded with a fortune. All this time he never had a coat, because, as he was wont to remark, "them stores only keeps boy's sizes," and so it came

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to pass “Big Frank,” still coatless, started out for San Francisco and home. But alas, poor chap, in spite of all his well deserved treasure, he never reached the little hamlet where he was born, but died in Frisco, a victim of consumption, the result of hardship and exposure.

Old “Hank” and “Jack” made their pile and concluded to have a look at the “outside” and see things. Hank was a bachelor, but Jack had married an Eskimo maiden. These two worthies had a great deal more money than was really necessary for comfort.

They came out by boat, and touching at all the principal cities they had ever read about, proceeded to enjoy themselves in their own artless manner. After doing the Pacific

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Coast, these two voyageurs from the land of the Midnight Sun took in New York. They put up at the Hoffman House and enjoyed themselves immensely.

I met Hank one day and asked him how they were getting along. Taking me by the arm we wandered into a cigar store, where he deliberately purchased a twenty-five dollar box of cigars, which he solemnly insisted that I should accept immediately. "Yes," said Hank, "we are having a very good time, our bar bill is about two hundred dollars a day."

I suggested that New York was an expensive place to live in. "Well," said Hank thoughtfully, "Not too bad, but of course there's the Policeman, we pays him an ounce a day, then there's the carriage, twenty-

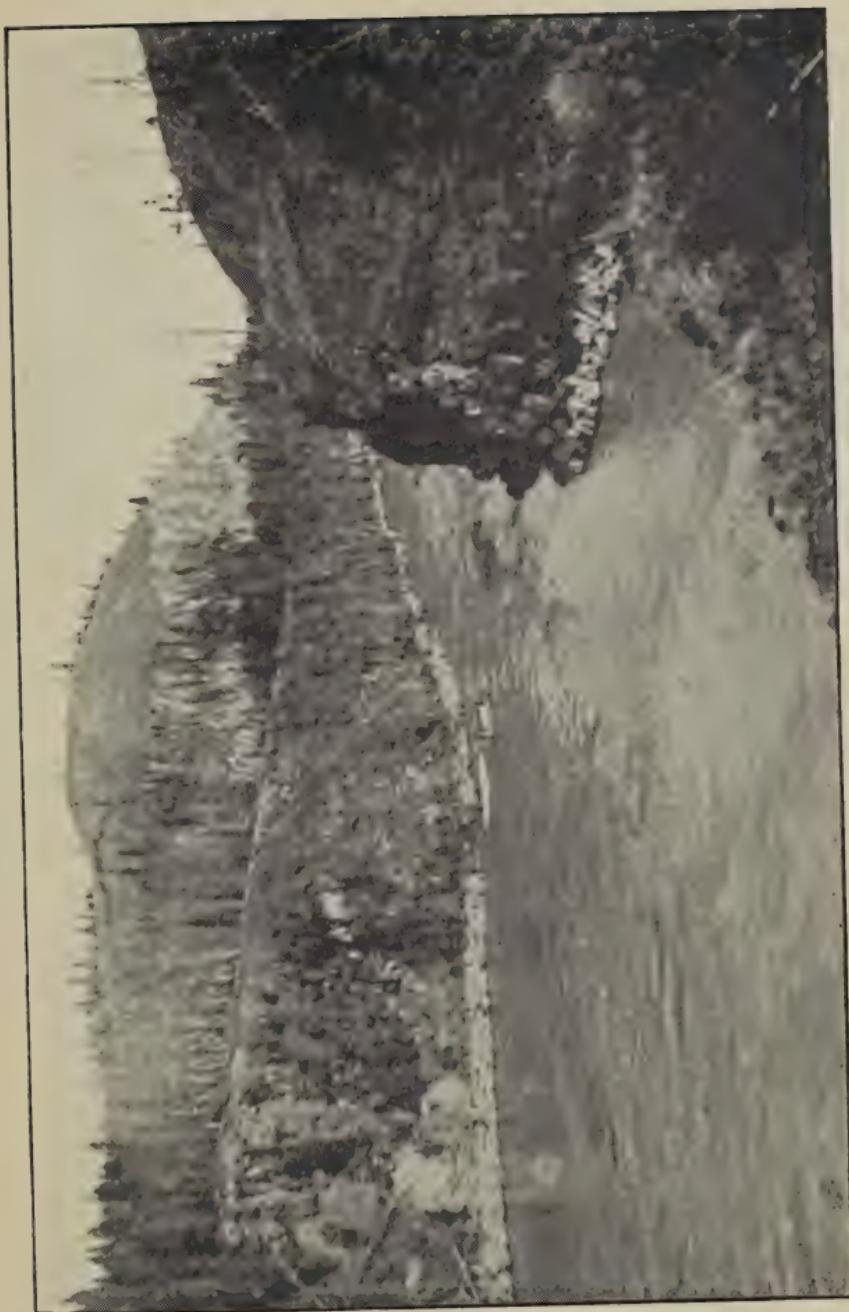
O U T W E S T

five, besides the the-a-ters and such like.”

It appeared that these two children of nature did not trust themselves out alone in what they called a “big town,” and so chartered a large sized Policeman at twenty dollars a day to take care of them. They also paid daily for a carriage, which they seldom used.

Hank was induced to take Jack’s better half to see the moving pictures, one afternoon, but it was the last time that Hank ventured out as an escort.

“No, sir, you don’t ketch me no more a-lookin’ after that old Eskimo of Jack’s. Why she was afraid to ride on the street cars, but I walked her down to the the-a-ter and got a couple of seats. She stood for the



MILES CANYON, ON THE WAY DOWN TO DAWSON

THE MINER

first part all right, but when them moving pictures come on she got terrible scared and grabbed me by the arm.

“Poaty soon they had a troop of cavalry and when them horses come a-charging down to the front of the stage like, that old Squaw let out a ‘war whoop’ you could have heard mor’n a mile and by gosh! sir, she ‘stampeded,’ durned if she didn’t, and I had to run out after her and take her home. She wouldn’t stand for that there cavalry—no, sir.”

They are good at description these miners. I remember one poor devil who was trying to make a “grub stake” by packing heavy loads up to the summit of the Chilcoot Pass. He was quite a well fed, respectable looking member of society when I

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first made his acquaintance, but a few weeks of that drudgery had reduced him to a living skeleton. Being anxious to ascertain if the much dreaded pass was as steep as represented in the guide books, I asked this gentlemen what his opinion was. He had a wan, pale, drawn look, and after reflectively scratching his ear he said "Waal, Cap, I was pre-pared to find it per-pendicular, but by G—d I never thought it would *lean back.*"

Then there was old man 'Juneau' after whom the celebrated mining town in Alaska was named. He was a successful miner, and paid period-ical visits to his namesake in order to relieve his accumulated thirst and energy.

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Champagne was an expensive luxury up there and although old man Juneau was of a most generous disposition, it is related of him that he often wept bitter tears at the thought that possibly he might not live long enough to "blow in" all his wealth. However, history tells us that the old gentleman had a stronger constitution than he anticipated, and when last heard of was working in one of the gulches for five dollars a day.

Greatest of them all was "Big Mac," "The King of the Klondike," who occupied the limelight ten years ago and had a short but brilliant career. A huge, raw-boned, red-headed, good-natured, uneducated giant, he was reported to be a multi-millionaire.

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He certainly owned large interests in numerous paying mines and his specialty seemed to be the acquiring of as many more claims as possible.

It is doubtful if he could either read or write, and perhaps his business methods may have been faulty. Some of his admirers used to report that no matter how big a "clean up" His Majesty might have at any of the many claims in which he was interested, he invariably devoted all the money to buying more interests in newly discovered claims, until by virtue of his enormous possessions, he had fairly earned his royal title.

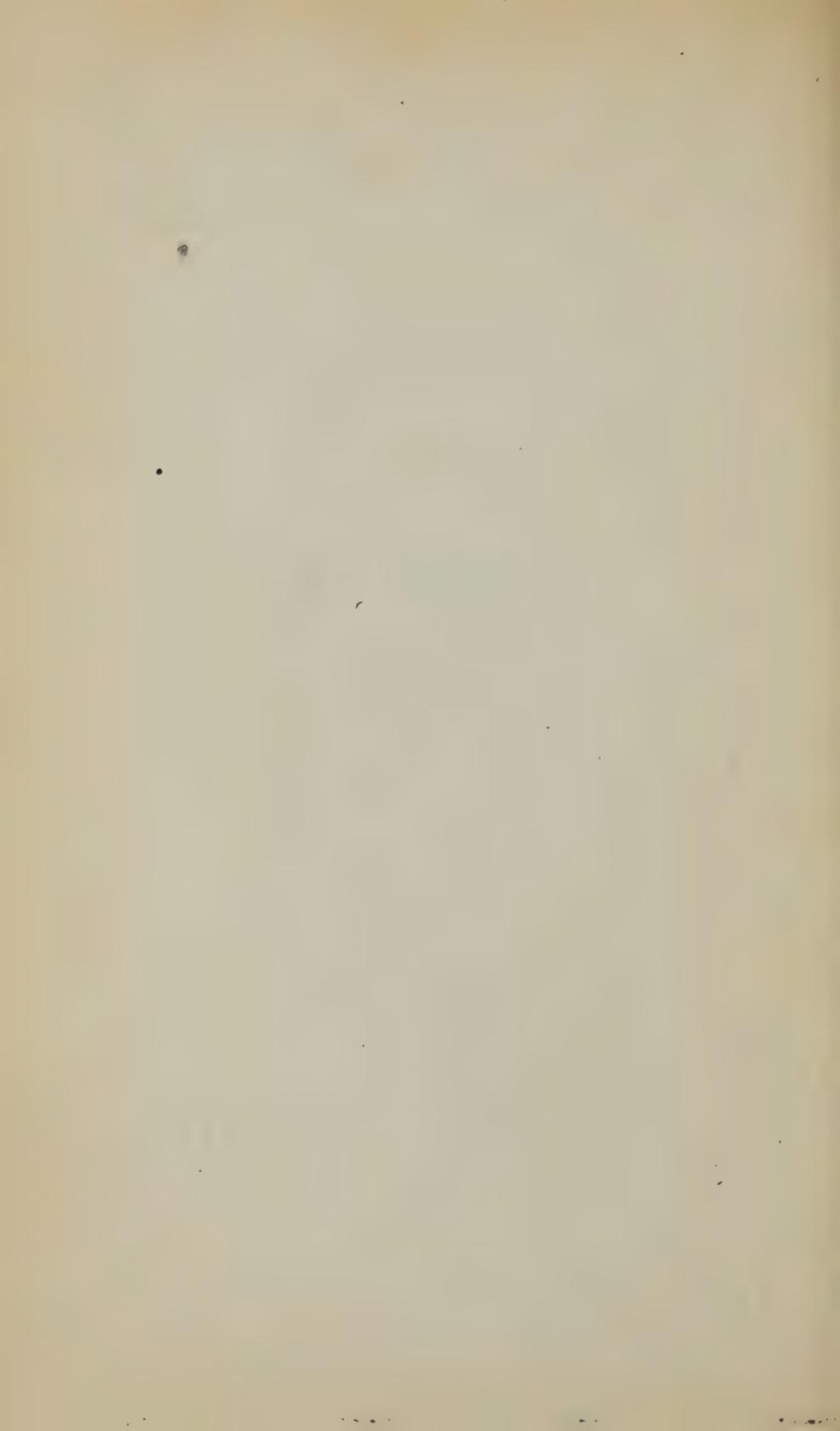
He was taken over to England by some enterprising syndicate of promoters, with the idea of merging his many holdings in one big concern,

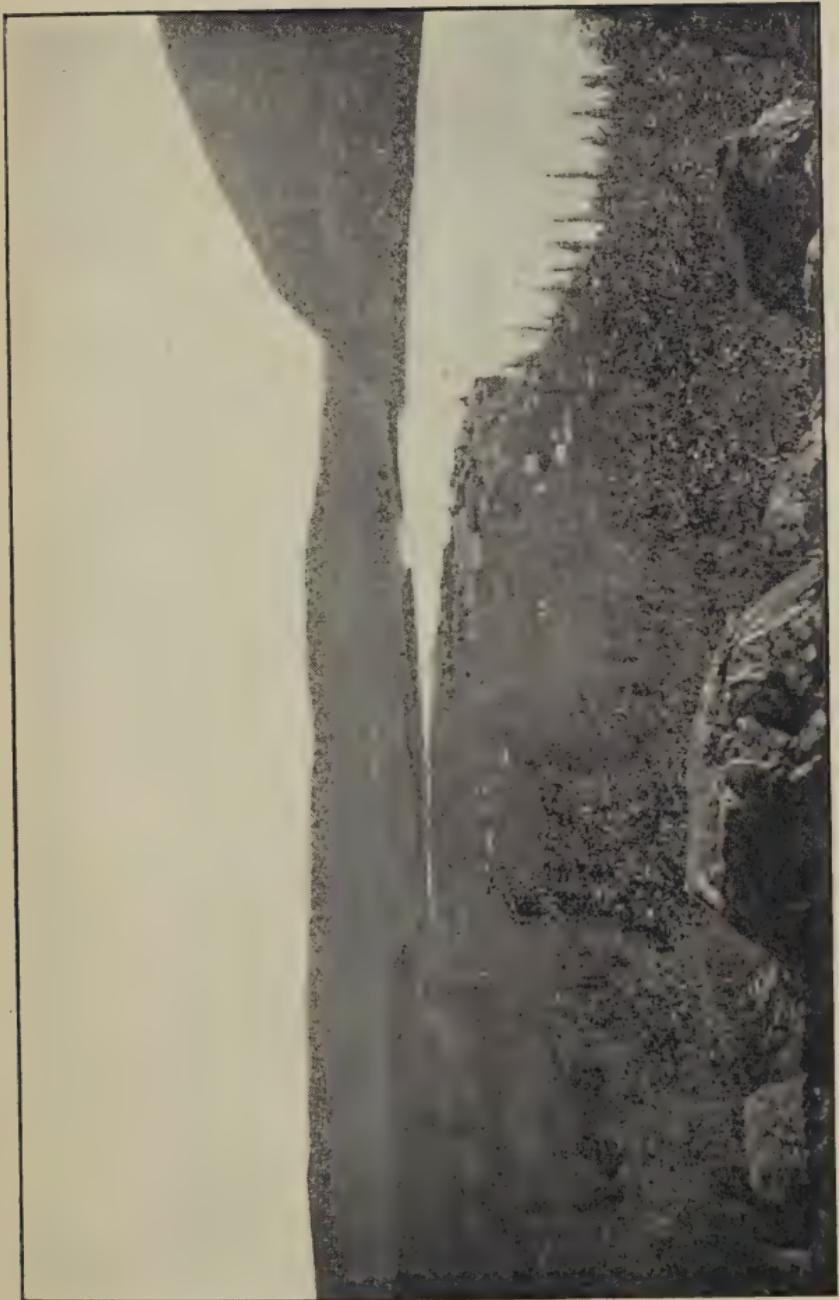
THE MINER

which, however, proved unsuccessful.

He married a wife when in England and returned to the Capital of his kingdom, where he is reported to have died, a poor man and a de-throned king.

THE
SAILOR





Dawson City, 1897—Showing Junction of the famous Klondyke with the Yukon.

THE SAILOR.

THE Venerable Sail Boat was moored alongside the ancient wharf. The unpainted hull, the victim of a thousand tempests looked anything but safe. The tattered mainsail flapped lazily against the rotten old mast, and the "Noblest Roman of them all," the rotten old Skipper, leaned back in the stern with the old moth-eaten tiller under his arm.

His bloodshot starboard optic blinked slightly as the two timid tourists approached, and behind his glistening row of crockery teeth (false, false as hell), there lurked the

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inevitable quid. The two tourists stepped gingerly on board and in a trice were off on the bounding wave.

“Gents, I want you to remember that I am the Captain of this ’ere ship,” immediately announced the ancient mariner in the stern. The tourists looked at each other, but this was no time for argument. The wind, at first light, increased to a fresh breeze. The Venerable Skipper fixed his lurid light upon the timid tourists and observed:

“When I say helm’s a lee, by Heavens, it’s helm’s a lee; you understand?”

There was no response.

The wind increased. Huge rollers splashed against the bow and wet the legs of the anxious tourists. They were now fairly at sea and

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might as well have been in mid-ocean. There was no telephone or wireless connection with anybody.

“When I was aboard the old ‘Kearsage’,” remarked the old sea dog suddenly, “a fighting agin the ‘Alabama’ in the English Channel, them 65 pound shells was comin’ fast and furious; they was like black sea gulls; you could see ’em quite plain. I was serving a gun, and once one of them shells bent my ram-rod and twisted me right around. The Captain says to me: ‘Bickford, why don’t you dodge them shells?’ I says, ‘No time, Cap, —too busy.’”

“Them Southerners don’t know enough to take off them lead capsules, so the shells didn’t explode, and after the battle I had 37 of them

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lead things in the pockets of my shirt."

The frightened tourists marvelled and gasped appropriately—they were now completely at sea.

"I suppose in them days I was the strongest man in the U.S. Navy," casually observed the ancient hero of a thousand fights. "I weighed 200 pounds and could lift 1020 pounds of pig iron. There was only one stronger man in the United States Navy and he was my brother."

One tourist turned ghastly pale.

"You wouldn't believe it," continued the skipper, "but now I am an invalid; yes indeed, I have been examined by 19 doctors and give up. Heart, heart; that's it. I'm liable to drop down dead here this minute;

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and what's more, I don't care if I do."

The tourists shuddered and suggested that they had a dinner engagement at Seattle.

"When I was promoted to be Captain of the berth deck, the officer came to me and asked how it was that there was never no complaints." I says, "You watch me, I says, and you will soon understand." A man came along with a couple of buckets. I says, "Put down them buckets." He paid no attention. Again I says "Put down them buckets." The third time I says "I puts you down." He took no notice.

"I just takes him by the ankles and bangs his head against the gunwale of the ship; his head falls over-

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board to windward, and I throws the rest of him over to leeward."

The two tourists now laughed in a weak, idiotic way, and one remarked:—"That's the only way, Captain, to maintain strict discipline."

It was now blowing hard and one tourist surreptitiously looked at his watch, when the skipper was engaged in vigorous expectoration. The other tourist was making mental notes that he would always lead a respectable life in future and stay at home with his family.

The old Pirate announced in a commanding tone that "If we was going to fish, now was the time and place." Just then the ancient Ark showed symptoms of diving after the fish herself. The anchor was

THE SAILOR

dropped and the Marine Patriarch proceeded to open several dozen long necked clams which he suddenly produced from under a seat. A melancholy bell buoy nearby sounded a death knell about the same time, and one of the tourists, mistaking it for lunch time, began to devour the bait in an absent-minded manner.

The Old Mariner glared at the tourist with his sanguinary optic and remembered a trifling incident in the Southern Ocean when he once lunched off a second mate.

At last it was time to pull up the mud hook and return. The tourists once more breathed freely upon entering the harbor. The Grand Master of the United Order of Liars casually pointed out some old dug-

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out and calmly observed: "There lies the first ship I ever sailed in; she was called the 'Rebecca Anne' in them days, and when we was 45 miles off this here coast, I jumped overboard and swum ashore."

The tourists scrambled up on the crazy old wharf and proceeded to the nearest prohibition hotel.

THE
HIGHWAYMAN

T H E H I G H W A Y M A N.

HE was certainly not a typical Dick Turpin. He was an ordinary, smooth shaved, pale faced, undersized, cadaverous looking, insignificant robber, the day I first saw him, but he evidently had his nerve concealed about his person.

He was coupled up to a stalwart Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman on a C.P.R. train, bound East and he was about to pay a fifteen year visit to the Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

I ascertained that he was a highwayman, and incidentally the facts relating to his crime.

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His name sounded something like Matthew MacGillicuddy, but of this I am not positive, and they said he came of a good family, the son of an Archdeacon of the Church.

He had served as a private in the "Midland Regiment" during the 1885 rebellion and subsequently took to the more precarious occupation in which we now find him.

One fine summer morning he rode over the Salt Plains on his cayuse, and when near the western extremity of that desolate spot, came across the lonely camp of a respectable old Hudson's Bay officer.

This gentleman having refreshed himself with the good things of civilization, not neglecting to pay his respects at the shrine of old Bacchus during his short stay in Winnipeg,

THE HIGHWAYMAN

was en route to his Post at Edmonton, accompanied by his faithful servitor in the shape of a French-Canadian halfbreed, and no doubt a small keg of good old Jamaica rum.

These two worthies after many miles of travel, a good supper of Buffalo pemmican, several pipes and a few "night caps" had succumbed to the importunities of old Mr. Morpheus and slumbered peacefully beneath their blankets, sheltered by their little white tent, the only object upon the landscape sticking up above the horizon.

Along comes my bold highwayman,—Bang! bang! bang!

He fires three shots through the tent, dismounts, opens the flap, and demands the accumulated earnings of a hard lifetime. The much

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astonished Hudson's Bay Factor awakes, alarms his faithful henchman, and after much search manages to unearth two dollars, which the robber promptly rejects with scorn and an oath at their impecuniosity.

The old Factor (of Scottish descent) then offers a cheque on the Bank of Montreal, which is of course refused, and the bold highwayman ambles off, leaving the two half fuddled travellers to rest in peace.

Success attends our hero in his next venture. He crosses the bleak Salt Plains and at daylight arrives at the western end where little groves of poplars are dotted o'er the prairie.

The sun is about to illuminate the landscape when he remembers that

THE HIGHWAYMAN

the Prince Albert stage is due to pass that way, and hies him to an adjacent bush. He has not long to wait before the day breaks, and soon he hears the creaking of the wheels and the hoof beats of four horses. Behind his cover he counts five men on the wagon, but undismayed, out rides our bold warrior, and points his gun at the driver and commands him to Halt! and hold up his hands, which he does at once. He then orders the passengers, four in number, to dismount, and at the point of the pistol makes them stand up in a row.

He then proceeds to tie their hands behind their backs, all the time talking to imaginary accomplices: "Keep that fellow covered, Charlie! Never mind the driver,

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Bill, I've got him! Stay there, Ned, don't shoot till I tell you! Keep your gun on that chap, Harry, if he moves," etc., etc.

By this time our highwayman had impressed these poor citizens with the idea that the woods were full of desperadoes. He then announced that he wanted a knife to open the mail bags. The gentleman on the extreme right of the line had a knife, but couldn't well get at it, being securely tied up. He also had a wad of six hundred dollars in the same pocket, but no doubt being much impressed by the nervy little robber and thoroughly scared to death, in a moment of weakness, he indicated his right hand trousers pocket.

In extracting the knife the gentlemanly footpad inadvertently

THE HIGHWAYMAN

pulled out the six hundred dollars, which he immediately replaced, remarking "I don't want any of your money." He then proceeded to slash open the mail bags and went through the registered letters. He took a bottle of whiskey from under the seat, gave all his helpless victims a drink, took one himself, and gaily trotted away, leaving them to untie themselves as best they could.

He was caught a year afterwards and arrested. Strange to say, the man who recognized and identified him was he whose money had been returned, showing the base ingratitude which exists in the human make up.

I saw the prisoner when he was serving his sentence in the Stony

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Mountain Penitentiary. The Warden of that Institution being a particular friend of mine, I suggested that he should introduce me to Number 149, who by this time I could not help regarding as a modern hero, and if not a leader, certainly a controller of men.

He was somewhat paler than when I had seen him before, although the ashen grey complexion of the prisoner, nearly always so noticeable amongst convicts, only seemed to emphasize his clear cut Napoleonic features. His glittering bright, steel blue eyes seemed calm, steady and fearless as ever, and as he looked into my face, relating the details of that memorable morning, when one little man held up five of his fellows single-handed at the

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point of the gun, I could not but admire his consummate coolness and pluck, particularly when at the close of his recitative he casually remarked, "And, Mister, I don't mind telling you a remarkable thing, that gun I had wasn't even *loaded*."

THE CENSUS
CIVIL SERVANT

THE CENSUS CIVIL SERVANT.

HE was a nice young gentleman. He was so clean, clever, and observant and chuck full of wit and humour. He was so original, too; and his parents feared that some day he might be an Editor, or go on the stage, and disgrace the family in some way, so they used their influence with the Government and got him a position in the Civil Service.

One morning he received a large letter informing him that he had been temporarily appointed to the Census Branch in the Department of Agriculture, at two dollars a day.

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The young man, full of zeal and curiosity, pranced gaily up to the scene of his future labour, and having been duly presented to the Deputy Minister, a solemn oath was administered to him, which in part set forth the fact that he should never disclose any secrets that he might happen to become possessed of during his residence in that old statistical mausoleum.

This solemn formality having been duly accomplished, the young man proceeded to take in his surroundings, and made mental notes of the personal peculiarities of the different heads of Departments for future reference.

By this time it was nearly noon, so the young man, figuring out that he had earned at least one dollar, drift-

THE CENSUS CIVIL SERVANT

ed gently away from the scene of so much strenuousness, to think matters over and fortify himself for another day's work.

He liked the Civil Service so far, what he had seen of it.

The bald-headed old gentleman who had administered the oath appeared to be quite friendly. The stalwart messenger who opened the door for him met with his approval, the Deputy's office seemed fairly neat and clean, and taking it all round the young man began to think it was not half a bad profession, except that it might become a trifle monotonous in time.

Having been duly sworn in and attached to the Census Branch, next day the young man was introduced to his immediate chief, who turned

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him over to a portly Sergeant messenger. This important personage ushered our young hero to a seat at a small table, when again the noon-day gun interfered with further ceremony and the young man went out to cogitate deeply over what particular part of the destiny of the Dominion he was intended to direct.

Several days slipped pleasantly by, when one morning the young civil servant discovered upon his table a nice, large, clean blotting pad, many reams of stationery, and pencils of variegated colors, which seemed to have been surreptitiously introduced by his friend the sergeant in the early morning.

Realizing that something was evidently expected of him, and

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flattered with the idea that his artistic tendencies had been so thoughtfully anticipated, our young friend joyfully commenced a series of comic cartoons, taking for his subjects the different Chieftains and deputies solemnly seated in the places of honour at the ends of the big tables.

The four Provinces were represented in those days, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Each Provincial Chief surrounded by numerous satellites. This kept our young hero busy for many days, depicting their peculiar physiognomy and exaggerating anything that appealed to him as at all abnormal.

One of these gentlemen, afflicted with a very expensive rubicund

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proboscis of high order, must have cost the Government several red crayon pencils, and blue neckties or green waistcoats made deep inroads into the Stationery Branch.

All went merry as the proverbial “Marriage Bell” with the young civil servant, “but in one night, a storm or robbery, call it what you will, shook down his mellow hangings, nay his leaves, and left him bare to weather.”

It occurred just like this,—one of the Captains of Industry located in the zone of art, previously described, after deep reflection concluded that our young cartoonist was perhaps not specially engaged by a long suffering Government to illustrate that particular Bureau. No doubt being a conscientious young voter

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he brought the matter to the notice of the most worshipful great High Maha-rajah who in turn informed the Sultan, situated about half a dozen blocks to the eastward of the Artist, that his Royal Nibs would soon be ready, done in colors.

It was a cold, dreary morning, and the light was very bad in the statistical studio, even the irrepressible artist was distract. The lofty brow of the distinguished scholar on the starboard beam was wrinkled in deep thought.

A tall stately pile of portfolios decorated the table of the young civil servant, with a letter informing him that in future he was expected to confine his entire attention to the "Religious Department." The duties attached to this office were simple

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but monotonous. You were supposed to seize one of those ponderous portfolios which contained the ridiculous returns of some misguided idiot called an "Enumerator," and extract (if you could) the different religions, which all those wretched agriculturists were supposed to have told the inquiring idiot that they belonged to.

As if it really mattered how many Jews or Gentiles or Mohammedans or any other fancy religion there were at Kalamazoo or Kazuabazua, or if two Mormons and a Presbyterian had been unearthed at Bell's Corners, or a stray Doukhabor had loped into Smith's Falls.

Such arrant nonsense, besides entailing a lot of useless work. Why not let our farming community

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enjoy themselves with any old religion so long as the police didn't interfere.

Why send people racing all over the country making notes of it, and holding it over them for a decade? Perfectly scandalous! Suppose a man wanted to change his religion every few years? Anyway, that's how it struck our young artistic civil service clerk.

At the next table he noticed a nice hard working young fellow, with red hair, decorated with many freckles, and a wart on his nose. This conscientious young party was in the religious line too and was laboriously picking out the different denominations, one at a time, from a mass of information accumulated by some enumerating enthusiast.

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Our artist, being observant, soon tumbled to the fact that the energies of his neighbour were misapplied, and the methods obsolete, as although he came early and went away late, munching a dry sandwich at noon, he could only stack up about 8 to 10 complete religious records at night.

This represented the closest attention and much hard work.

After gazing long and earnestly at the huge pile of accumulated statistics before him, our young man concluded it would be easier and far better for all concerned, from a religious standpoint, to average each County or Township, giving every decent denomination a fair deal in the division, thus fearlessly showing no favours.

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The process adopted was simple, and after a little practice sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes.

Take for instance Bugville, Ontario, supposed by the enumerating "Hold-up" to contain 1700 souls.

Instead of laboriously extracting the religious proclivities of these poor but honest bucolic people, one at a time, our smart young census clerk simply decided at once upon the following:

Anglicans	950
Roman Catholics	210
Methodists	240
Presbyterians	155
Baptists	93
Congregationalists	51
Jews	1
 Total	1700

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The extra Hebrew seems to have been thrown in to leaven the lump, and make the total absolutely accurate.

Of course when he came across anything like the Township of—we will say, “Macintosh” with a population reported as 798, it was dead easy and resulted in:

Presbyterians	797
Other denominations	1
Total.....	798

This ought to square that Township for life.

In the event of anything turning up like the Parish of “St. Julie de Laurent de Pomphile” the historian of religion, after ascertaining that

THE CENSUS CIVIL SERVANT

the population was 436, promptly reported:

Roman Catholics 436

Alas! they eventually put a spotter on our young friend. The patient perseverance of the gentleman with the auburn hair and the wart on his nose, working assiduously from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., was as nothing compared with the rapid calculations of our own original young clerk, and yet his methods were discovered and he was eventually undone.

Poor young fellow, just as he was getting along so well.

One grey cold morning, the stalwart sergeant announced that his presence was desired by the Minister. Then followed his downfall.

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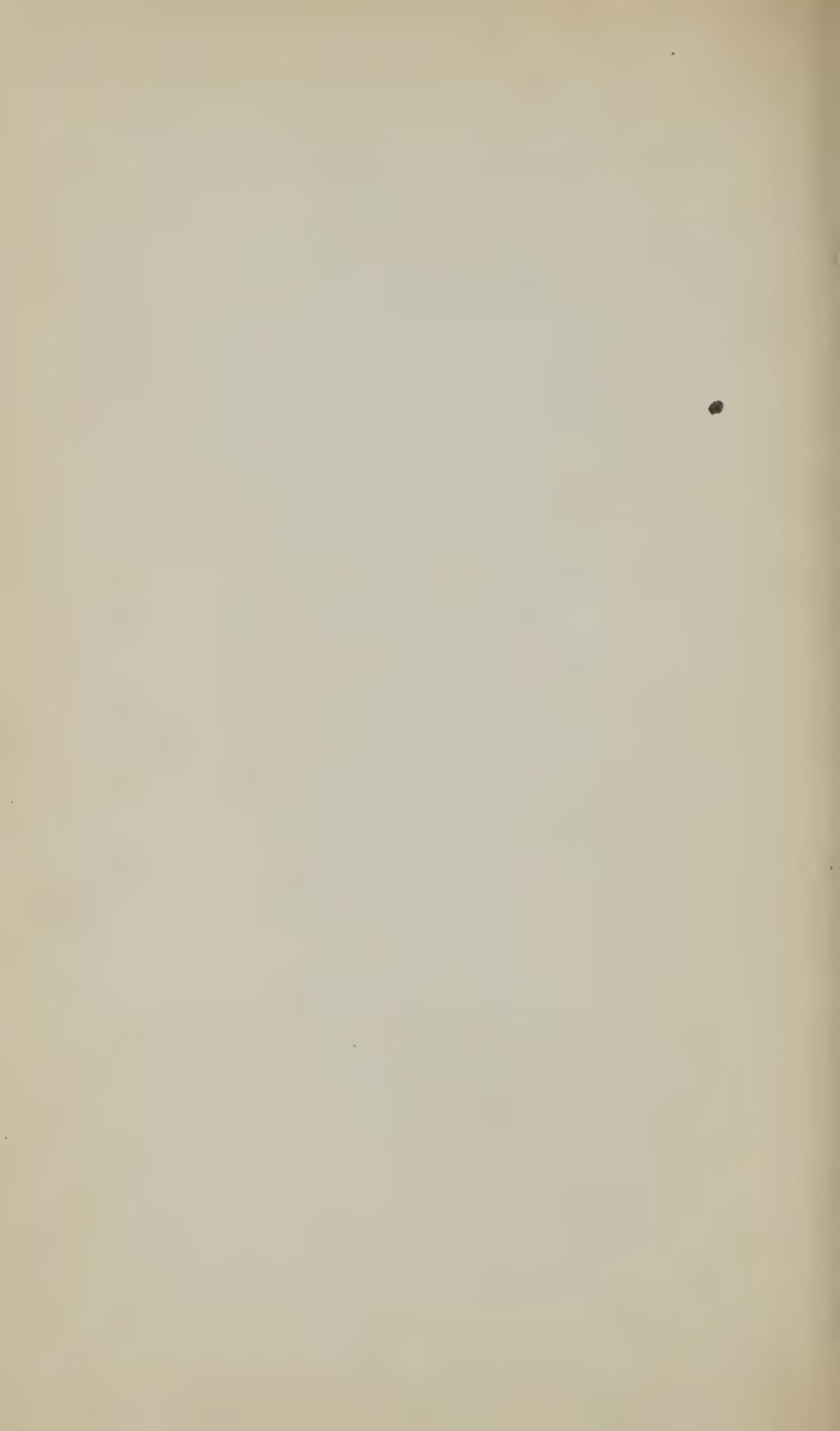
A subdued murmur went the round of the awe-struck clerks, plodding away, all happy in their old-fashioned methods, while our own originator of rapid religious calculations was shown into the sacred ministerial precincts.

The fatal assortment of cartoons were artistically arranged in a row, as the damning evidence of his peculiar gift, and his unfitness to remain in the Census Branch.

Further evidence having been adduced that one Township called "Killarney" was reported to consist of 326 Presbyterians, 199 Polish Jews and 7 Methodists, when as a matter of fact there were really only 36 Irishmen,—it was considered by the Minister that under the circumstances our very nice, intelligent

THE CENSUS CIVIL SERVANT

young gentleman was not intended by nature to distribute religious denominations in such an indiscriminate and prodigal manner, and that it would be taken as a great favor if he would kindly withdraw from the Civil Service forever.



THE BRITISH
COLUMBIAN

THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN.

IN the old days of the Cariboo Mines, there were many weird tales told and many picturesque characters encountered in that far off rugged sea of mountains; the flotsam and jetsam of all civilized nations drifted out there, and wild legends of their sayings and doings have been preserved to the present day.

Those were the good old days before Confederation, when that country was a Crown Colony and the voice of Canada was yet to be heard in the land.

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Presided over by a British Governor with headquarters at dear old sleepy Victoria, blessed with a perfectly equable climate this place was indeed a paradise,—no railways, no telegraphs, no stock markets, no newspapers, no worry, no nothing.

All was peace, and happiness. Cut off from the outside world, basking in the warm sunshine, on the beautiful shores of the deep blue Pacific, under the shadow of good old Mount Baker, whose hoary glistening pate could be seen for many miles, it seemed that nothing could ever disturb this superb serenity.

Say not so!

Somebody had to discover the Cariboo mines, 400 miles from the coast, apparently almost inaccessible, hemmed in by giant mountains,

THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN

treacherous and dangerous rivers and streams intervening, with every difficulty to be grappled with, and yet the human microbe, in pursuit of the golden goal, toiled, moiled (whatever that may mean), struggled, fought, starved and died or got there.

The Imperial Government constructed a million pounds worth of waggon road from Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser River, to Barkerville. Then trouble commenced.

Victoria became the initial point from which thousands of men, full of hope and enthusiasm, struggled onward to the new diggings.

The old BX (Barnard's Express) Stage line was started, since super-

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seded by the iron horse of the C.P.R. Even before the good old staging days, men made their way up on foot with pack on back; and some of the old legends are really the *raison d'être* for this story.

I know one man who had a rather remarkable experience. Absolutely 'broke', with not even a 'grub stake', he worked his weary way up to 'Hope,' a small town, and with a significant name so far as he was concerned. He still had faith, but charity had fallen by the wayside. Here he paused, hungry, penniless, and exhausted, but he still had hope.

Almost in despair he looked about him that bright cloudless morning for succour, the grinding pangs of hunger making him desperate,

THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN

when an angel of mercy in the shape of a Deputy Sheriff appeared before him. This officer, regarding our friend with evident interest enquired where he was bound for, and whether he had yet partaken of breakfast.

“Long ago,” replied Jim; “let’s see, this is Wednesday; I had breakfast last Monday.”

The Deputy had no sooner satisfied the cravings of the hungry pioneer than he disclosed the reason for the interest he had so suddenly developed in the stranger.

“Say, pardner, did you ever happen to hang a man?”

James modestly replied that up to date he had not acquired that questionable notoriety.

“Well, stranger, all I can say is

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that there is a nigger to be hung right here tomorrow and I'm looking for a man to do the job. If you feels like a-undertaking of this 'ere business there's one hundred dollars in it for you."

There was no hesitation on Jim's part—he agreed at once to officiate in the morning as Lord High Executioner for the small insult of one hundred dollars.

James was a handy man, a bit of a carpenter, somewhat of an axeman, quite a respectable blacksmith, but a poor hangman.

Nothing daunted, with the prospective wealth of one hundred dollars staring him in the face, James easily erected a fair scaffold, not what you would call first class, but sufficiently serviceable for at

THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN

least one hanging. He secured five or six yards of rope and before midnight was ready for his victim.

Morning came, and soon after daylight, the Sheriff arrived with his prisoner, who was speedily introduced to the Amateur Executioner.

The pinioning process was simple and the colored culprit was conducted to the trap door on the scaffold, accompanied by the Sheriff and his hundred dollar hangman.

Unfortunately the elasticity of a new manilla rope was unknown to Jim, and although he had figured on a thirteen foot drop, when the bolt was drawn, there was just enough slack to permit the principal actor in the weird tragedy to balance himself on his toes.

The experiment was a failure, and

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when our Jimmy arrived on the ground looking for results he was severely reprimanded by the wretched victim, who said:

“Look hyah, Mistah; I doan’t know who you is, but you ’aint no regular hangman anyhow, this ’aint no proper way to hang a cullered pusson no how; you ought to be ashamed of youself; why doan’t you go and learn yo’ bisness?”

Taking in the desperate situation at a glance James, who was most resourceful, hustled over to the only store, grabbed a shovel and quickly dug a hole under the nigger’s feet, which permitted him to swing clear —he then pulled on his legs and earned his hundred dollar fee.

I often wondered if this was really true.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN

In any case it was a “grub stake” for our Jim, who quickly hit the trail for Cariboo. Here he was amongst the lucky ones, struck some rich diggings and returned to civilization with a “pack train” loaded with nuggets.

He had also the distinguished honor of being elected a Member of Parliament to the first local house.

They used to spin yarns about the stage drivers, who drove in relays of 100 miles or more.

In those days the regular old timers had no use for Canadians, and they invariably called them “British North American Chinamen,” principally, I inferred, from certain penurious Eastern propensi-

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ties which they attempted to import into that gladsome western country.

The smallest coin was "two bits" equivalent to 25 cents. They had never seen anything so insignificant as a ten cent piece, and resented the idea of the "chi-chako" (i.e. Chinook for "Newcome") introducing any such ridiculously small coinage.

Wages ran from eight to ten dollars a day when anybody felt like working, and it can easily be understood how unpopular a new arrival became if he showed symptoms of possessing frugal habits, always mistaken by the good old 'forty niner' as evidence of a mean disposition.

I remember driving up the wagon road with a load of tenderfeet from

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the East, all very curious and full of questions about the new country.

The Indians (or Siwashers) after trapping any quantity of salmon, used to dry and then câche them in the forks of the giant Douglas fir trees. To prevent the squirrels and small animals stealing their fish, they would strip the trees of their bark for 15 or 20 feet up and nail on pieces of tin, which made it too slippery for the enterprising squirrels.

Driving past a grove of trees which had been treated in this manner, the Canadian passenger manifested great curiosity and asked old Jim Hamilton, a veteran stage driver, the reason of this strange phenomena.

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Jim, who, in common with the rest of the regular old mossbacks out there, hated the immigrants, proceeded seriously to explain that once a large party of Canadians en route to the mines had passed by there, and then nonchalantly pointing with his whip in the direction of the trees, without any bark, he remarked: "Gents, that's where them Canadians stopped for lunch!"

Judges, Juries and Coroners' Inquests were then in their infancy. I heard a strange yarn of the first Coroner's Inquest.

A colored gentleman had been in the habit of annexing the watermelons of a farmer down on the flats.

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One moonlight night "Mr. Farmer" took down his gun and filled the Ethiopian full of buckshot, which consequently was the occasion of the first Coroner's Inquest.

A jury, composed of the dearest friends of the Agriculturist and decidedly opposed to the methods of the departed, was hastily empanelled, and headed by the Coroner they viewed the remains of the connoisseur of melons.

They then adjourned to an improvised Court Room in a nearby tavern, and proceedings were opened by the newly appointed Coroner, who read his instructions received from Ottawa, and generally directed the jury to find a proper verdict.

After an absence of half an hour or so, the jurymen filed solemnly

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into the room, where they found the Coroner deeply interested in a small red book which had been sent him, containing the law of Inquests and the duty of Coroners, etc.

"Gentlemen," said the Coroner, putting on a most severe official look, "this is a case of murder, suicide, or accident. As none of you have ever been on a jury before and are therefore perfectly ignorant of everything, it is my painful duty to instruct you.

"This late lamented deceased dead nigger was discovered in the melon patch of our highly respected friend and neighbour, Mr. Thompson. It is our duty to find out, the best way we can, how this nigger came to his death; in other words, what killed him.

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"You have viewed the body, (according to page 14, paragraph 9), and now you have to render a verdict to the best of your limited ability, based upon the facts placed before you by the evidence adduced (reading from small red book, page 17, paragraph 2). Well, Gents, what is your verdict?"

The Foreman, a small nervous man, all dressed up for this auspicious occasion, suddenly assuming a highly important air, frowning at the jury, as much as to say 'he can't fool us' stepped briskly to the front and observed, "We the undersigned has come to the u-nani-mous con-clusion that the late lamented deceased came to his death by falling over a precipice."

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The Coroner then pointed out that in his opinion that sort of verdict would not be allowed, and remarked that as the deceased was found upon a perfectly level plain, it was almost obvious that the precipice device was absolutely futile in the inquest business, and directed the jury to reconsider their verdict.

After several minutes had elapsed the intelligent jury once more faced the Coroner. The same question was asked again. The Foreman with a determined air then announced:

“We the jury of this Deestrict here assembled, after viewing the dead corpse of the late deceased, are of the opinion that he ‘was worried to death by wild dogs’.”

The Coroner had by this time absorbed all the printed instructions

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contained in the little red book and was thoroughly disgusted with the variety of the verdicts brought in. He said that it was utterly hopeless to accept any such verdict; and although it was more plausible than the “precipice” proposition, the fact that there had never been any wild dogs seen in the neighbourhood would undoubtedly tell tremendously against the intelligence of the jury, and he recommended them to consider the case again.

Once more they returned, after a brief consultation and brought in the following verdict—“Died by the Visitation of God.”

The Coroner having referred to his little book of instruction accepted the verdict, and the inquest was over.

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this country to discharge you. Before doing so, I have a piece of advice to give you, which is this, when you leave this Court room I recommend you to go out and sandbag the jury."

I never heard if the ruffian took the Judge's advice.

Old Captain George was a well known pilot in Northern waters and for many years piloted vessels up the Coast where the navigation is difficult and somewhat dangerous.

What is known as the "inside passage," extending for hundreds of miles through numerous unlighted channels right away up to Alaska was the route taken by most of the steamers.

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Deep, smooth water, land locked, and picturesque to a degree, good-sized steamers followed this route, especially during the tremendous rush of gold seekers to the Yukon via Juneau and the Chilcoot Pass.

Old Captain George was a gruff old pilot, uncommunicative, especially to inquisitive landlubbers in the shape of passengers.

I was with him on one trip north in a ship called the "Mexico" when old George relieved the watch at midnight after six hours below. I was standing on the bridge talking to "Dutch Bill," the other pilot, when old George appeared. It was a chilly starless night in April, and we were merrily bowling along at about 13 or 14 knots up a narrow

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black channel, perhaps five or six miles wide.

The two pilots exchanged grunts, old George glanced at the binnacle and "Dutch Bill" went below.

Being interested in navigation, I tried to 'draw' the old bird, and ventured to suggest there must be some kind of witchcraft attached to this mysterious channel navigation, and wanted to know what sort of principle it was based upon.

At last, after deep thought, the ancient navigator, whom I had known for many years, broke through his rule and actually grunted out the following remarkably lucid explanation:

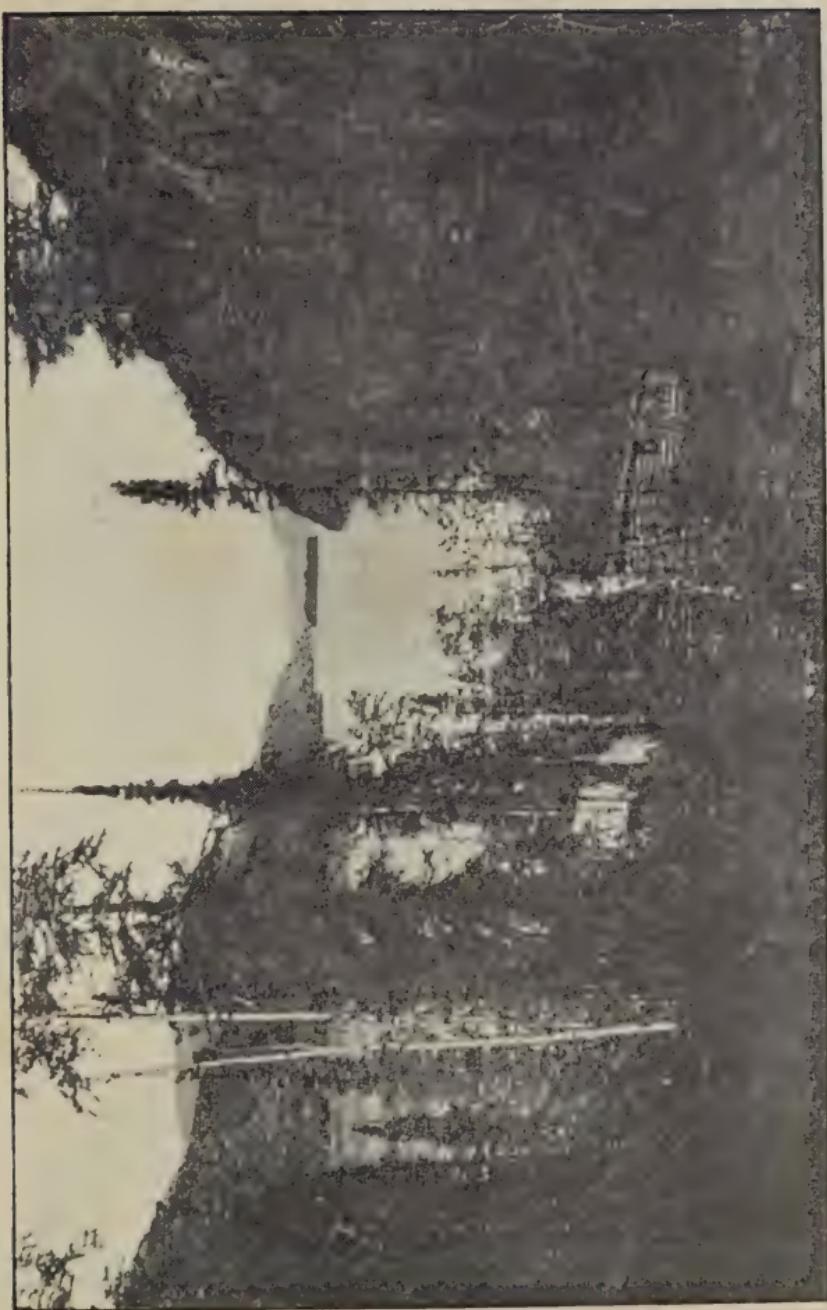
"Well you see, sir, it's just like this, I've been a-running up this 'ere way nigh on to twenty-seven

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years. I missed one trip d'yer mind, that time I went down to 'Frisco to have that there cancer cut out—I was terrible annoyed, 'n that's the only trip I missed in all them years, but it couldn't be helped, so it ar'n't hardly worth while mentioning it."

I waited patiently, hoping the ancient mariner would soon get to the point and satisfy my curiosity on the navigating subject. I even ventured to suggest that I was still unenlightened, when he growled out:

"Well, sir, you see it's just like this 'ere, when you goes ashore you meets different kinds of men, in fact you meets all sorts, don't yer? Well, some on 'em is watchmakers, some on 'em is blacksmiths, and the balance is pilots."



The Yukon River (looking North)—This is where "The Prospector" appeared

THE EXPLORER

DOC. COOK.

Little Doc. Cook was a merry little crook,

A merry little crook, you know;

He sent for his dog and he sent for his grog,

And he sent for his Es-ki-meaux.

Now this little Doc. was a merry little cock,

And fond of the flowing bowl;

In a great big ship he went for a trip,

And he dreamt that he saw the Pole.

With an awful thirst, he got there first,

And planted a great big flag;

In a deep ice hole 'longside the Pole

He acquired an Arctic jag.

Then he staggered back across the crack

Till he struck the nearest cable,

The Eski-meaux he then let go,

And wrote his famous fable.

This merry little crook wrote a great big book,

For he was devilish "leary,"

With dough in the bank from the "gullible

Yank,"

He knocked the spots off Peary.

So here's to Cook, the merry little crook,

And here's to the flowing bowl,

Old Bernier bold, the ice and the cold,

And the good old Arctic Pole.

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PECULIAR POLAR PUBLISHING PROPOSITION.

Come into my "Igloo," my dear Commander P—
The snuggest little "Igloo" that ever you did see;
When safe inside our sleeping bags we'll write a lovely book,
And I will be Commander P— and you be Doctor Cook.
We'll tell the world how we unfurled "Old Glory" at the Pole,
And how from old Cap. Bernier's store our Arctic lore we stole;
I'll lunch off twenty Husky dogs, while you can chew up nine,
In cases such as that, of course, the credit must be mine.
Then me and you in our "Igloo" will tell of Eskimo,
And dream we travelled forty miles when 84 below;
We'll tell of awful darkness and everlasting light,
Where ice and cold knock out our old friend Mr. Farenheit.

THE EXPLORER

Then in a horrid deep crevasse I'll hide me for
a year,
And you can go to gay New York and tell
them that you fear
You can't find me on land or sea, no matter
where you look,
Fresh from the snows, you then can pose as
good old Doctor Cook.
Go! break the news to Mrs. Cook and tell her
she's a "wid."
And all my scientific notes are in an "Igloo"
hid;
Then don't you see, Commander P., while
you are Doctor Cook,
In my warm bag I'll get a jag, and finish up
our book.
The Polar night is my delight, but when
you've told my dearie,
Across the pack I'll hustle back and say I'm
Robert Peary;
This joint stock game will bring us fame, and
seems to me quite funny,
We'll swear we both have found the Pole and
make a pile of money.

OUT WEST

POLAR PEOPLE.

Upon the apex of the world,
“Old Glory” is at last unfurled;
Though many centuries it took,
“I got there first,” said Doctor Cook.
Hark! from the North, a doleful sound,
A weird uncanny blast, so eerie,
At last the Arctic Pole is found,
For further details, ask old Peary.
But up the river, see,—the “Arctic” comes,
And from the bridge I hear these words:
“Gol durn ye,
“I’m in it with them faker Yankee bums,
“Mon Dieu! Sacré! Je suis le brâve Cap.
Bernier.”

TO A PRAIRIE BELLE.

Oh loveliest dusky maid!—I cannot call thee
fair,—
Those deep bay eyes, that ebon hair,
Would contradict me flat;
That swarthy cheek, ne’er known to blush,
Those pearly teeth ne’er felt a brush—
I saw them when she spat.

THE EXPLORER

Oh ! for a lodge on some vast plain,
With thee to share my joy and pain ;

What bliss !

But e'er our wedded life began
I'd give thee a tomato can,

And other jewels rare ;

No prairie belle should ever show
A costlier, more antique trousseau
Than thee !

You should have real Jamaica rum,
Tobacco, too, ad libitum,

To soothe thy soul !

I'd give thee baking powder, too,
And sardine boxes, quite a few,

With other gems ;

And then when stars shone out above,
We'd conjugate the verb to love,

You bet !

But when in after years I found
You getting wrinkled, old and browned,

I'd get.

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L'ENVOI.

I sit here and sweat
With a drip, drip, drip,
And I think of old Rudyard

Kip, Kip, Kip.

Oh, I wish from my heart,
I could quickly depart;
Now, wouldn't I just love to

Skip, skip, skip,
To be gone and let everything
Rip, rip, rip,

And in the great ocean to

Dip, dip, dip.

I long from my soul in the salt sea to roll,
From the deck of an old fashioned

Ship, ship, ship;

Some day I will give them the

Slip, slip, slip,

And pack up my little old

Grip, grip, grip;

Then once again I'll "remember the Maine"
And the pleasures of life I will

Sip, sip, sip.

—“SEC.”

